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Life of JENNY LIND

BY

C. G. FOSTER ESQ

AUTHOR OF

NEW YORK BY GAS LIGHT

NEW-YORK:

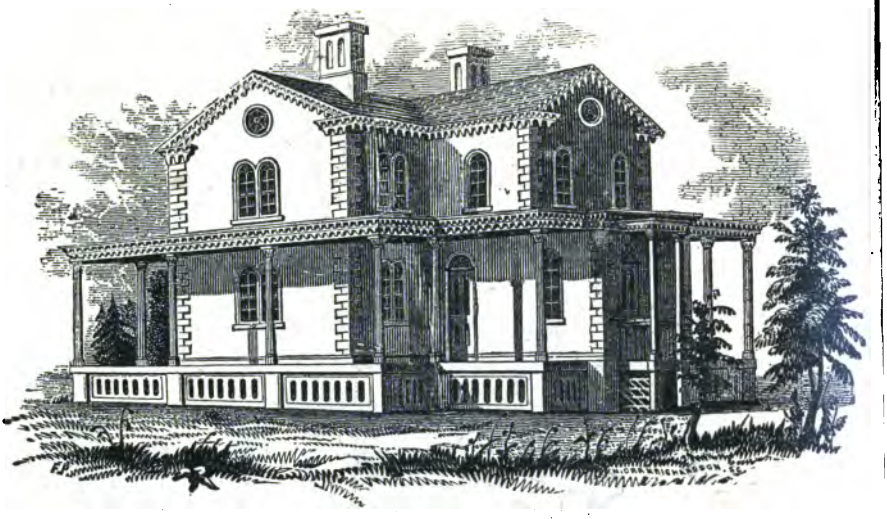
DEWITT & DAVENPORT

TRIBUNE BUILDINGS

1850

N. ORR, N.Y.

By G. G. Foster. 8vo. wrapper. pp. 64.
New York, 1850. $1.25



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OF

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JENNY LIND.

Of all the female vocalists that ever trod the lyrical stage, Jenny Lind may, more than any other, be entitled European. Such is the eagerness to behold—such is the contention for her possession, that every journal of Europe has been filled with her name for several years past; and yet, singular to relate—for the fact is, perhaps, beyond all precedent—not one of the myriad critics that have mooted the subject has uttered a syllable in disparagement, much less of sarcasm, as regards the estimate held of her surpassing talents. She appears to hold the supremacy of song by a totally different tenure from that of any other *prima donna*. Yet, by her genius alone, her vast superiority is not to be explained—it is that in private life, apart from the illusion of the stage and its conventionality, this young and artless lady shines with a lustre no borrowed light, no theatrical radiance, could confer. It is her intrinsic worth of heart and delicacy of mind; it is in her pure and intense feelings that abide her potency, and which impart to her natural powers of voice and her acquired science, dramatic and musical, an effulgence eclipsing every other development of merely studied art. A great and noble simplicity, combined with an ardent imagination—a love of nature, refined by poetry of feeling, pervades her whole being; and those who have beheld her on the stage, and have seen her in private life, divested of many of those external attractions in which consist the fascinations of ordinary women, are astonished to find that there, unadorned, she most rivets their admiration. Jenny Lind possesses friends of all ages, and the most exalted in rank are amongst her most devoted admirers. In Jenny Lind is typified the great improvement of the *morale* of the stage. There was a time when actors and actresses, in the eye of the law, were mere vagrants—Moliére himself was refused the rites of sepulture, and all that even the most absolute of monarchs could procure for him was a burial by stealth in the middle of the night.

Prime donne were but a short period since characterized by eccentricity of habits and violence of tempers. Since the lyrical stage has demanded a rare combination of various talents—since true genius, possessing them, has found so readily its place and its reward on the operatic boards—the moral improvement of its interpreters has been constant. The profession may now boast of actors and actresses who, amid temptations difficult to be withstood, may be deemed worthy models of conduct in domestic life, who preserve even their dramatic superiority—they are the kings and queens by right of nature in private, as they are by costume on the boards of the theatre.

Those two extremes as regards outward form—the slight, maidenly JENNY LIND, and the massive, stalwart Lablache, may be justly considered as examples of an infinite mental superiority and the utmost delicacy of feeling, united to an originality of genius, as charming in the daily intercourse of life as it is striking in the fictive scenes of the poet. When, (says one of her European admirers,) we first beheld JENNY LIND we were unconscious of her presence. She was seated in the angle of a projecting window, working at a tambour frame, and totally absorbed in her task. Her pale flaxen hair, her light greyish blue eyes and placid features seemed to point out some humble needlewoman. Impatient with waiting, we asked when Madlle. LIND would be visible. The needlewoman rose, and in the arch, although *naive* smile that lighted up her countenance—in the deep thought that beamed in her eyes, her identity was proclaimed ere she uttered the name that announced it. In the conversation that followed we discovered at once the very romance of nature; for even when the features are concealed, her genius is proclaimed distinctly, powerfully.

In *Norma*, when "Adalgisa" imparts to her the name of the seducer who has won her affections, she buries her face in her hands; and through them may be seen the internal struggle—the red blood mantles on her brow—her bosom heaves with the throes of the suppressed anguish—her fingers are spasmodically pressed to her countenance, and when she reveals it, it has assumed the pallor of death through the terrible recoil. In *Norma*, as in all her impersonations, is seen the real supremacy of woman, which consists in the delicacy of its expression, in the fragility of the form in which the spirit has its dwelling.

That such intense curiosity should attend every detail regarding an artist of so exalted a nature, is not extraordinary. Lyrical entertainments now possess the highest attractions throughout Europe. There is

no city of any considerable area, in any part of the world, which does not possess an opera, even where it lacks all other places of recreation. Can we be, therefore, astonished that such curiosity should exist relative to prima donnas—women combining dramatic genius with the finest natural vocal powers, and recondite musical science—three properties, even when separate, so valuable and so rare? JENNY LIND possesses not only these claims to admiration, but others, which will be more amply developed in the history of her artistic life, which we will now take up in a more orderly mode of narration.

This most truly original artist was born in 1821, the 6th of October, in Stockholm, where her parents kept a school. There seems to have been nothing in the daily occurrences of her infancy to give an impulse to that love of music which was developed in her at a wonderfully early age. When she was yet only three years old song was her ruling passion—every melody that struck her ear was retained with an accuracy which caused general admiration; no work was done without accompanying it with her clear voice, and no pain, during frequent illness, prevented her from finding consolation in song. Thus JENNY reached her ninth year, precocious in mind and feelings, but by no means in bodily strength or beauty, when it happened that Mrs. Lundberg, an actress, heard the child sing; and, struck with her pure voice and correct pronunciation, strove to open the eyes of her parents to the treasure they possessed, and urged them to devote their child to the stage. JENNY'S mother, feeling those prejudices against theatres common among the middle classes, was at first horrified by the idea; but Mrs. Lundberg ultimately conquered them, and the parents at last consented to leave the decision of the matter to their child. The quiet and retiring girl at once declared herself determined to devote herself to the stage. JENNY was conveyed by Mrs. Lundberg to Croelius, a music master, well known in Stockholm. The old man soon became enthusiastic on the abilities of his new pupil; he introduced her to Count Pücke, the manager of the Court Theatre, requested him to hear her, and to take her under his protection. The Count, measuring the gentle, pale little creature with astonished eyes, angrily asked Croelius what he meant to do with such a child, for she surely had nothing to fit her for the stage. Croelius, nothing daunted, insisted upon the Count at least hearing her, adding if he should then not deem her worthy of his favor that he (Croelius) himself would undertake her education on his own account, for that he considered it a sin not to reach forth his hand to talent,

where it was so manifestly revealing itself; and so the Count consented at last to listen. Already her voice possessed that heart-searching quality by which the now accomplished artist exercises so irresistible a spell; Count Pücke was overcome; for scarcely had he heard the infant singer when he generously decided that she should participate in all the advantages of the Ecole, or musical school attached to the Theatre Royal of Stockholm. Shortly after JENNY appeared in children's parts, and excited an enthusiasm similar to that with which Leontine Fay, in her early career, moved all Paris. Vaudevilles were written for the clever little girl, and by her quaint humor, and the lively originality of her performances, she soon became a perfect prodigy. In the following year old Croelius confided his *protegée* to a younger teacher, Herr Berg, a profound musician, who conducted her instruction with an equal zeal, and to whom she is indebted for that solid musical science which forms so sure a basis to her lofty dramatic delineations.

Pursuing her studies unremittingly, borne on by the impetus of applause—ever welcome, from the shrinking modesty of her demeanor, to the most brilliant circles of society, JENNY LIND attained her twelfth year, and here the rosy morning dream of her life became suddenly obscured. JENNY LIND had grown out of her famed children parts, and her youthful form was unfit for higher tasks; her charming high notes had vanished; her voice became soundless, and vainly did her worthy master essay to reawaken the silver tones of his favorite scholar. The hope of forming her for the Grand Opera was banished. JENNY had appeared but rarely in the parts of soubrettes in dramas; as is usual with precocious prodigies the former impression was soon obliterated.

The child, whose greatest delight was music, bore her fate with resignation. Her musical studies were, however, pursued with the same assiduity as hitherto. Weber's Agathe, in *Der Frieschutz*, was the ideal of her lyrical ambition. Four years had now elapsed since she had ventured on any new attempt in public. It happened, however, that in a concert, in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was to be performed, a singer for Alice, who has a short solo in this act, was wanting. None could be found for "the insignificant solo," and Herr Berg, remembering his poor pupil, thought that so slight an attempt might be ventured upon. JENNY LIND received her solo with mingled joy and sadness, and commenced her task with a palpitating heart. But, as though by miracle, on the evening of performance the long-missing voice reappeared; the surprised public recognised

at once the notes of their former favorite, and the most tumultuous and frenetic applause followed. It is impossible to describe the delight, not unmixed with terror, of the young girl, when Herr Berg, overjoyed, informed her that now she must, without delay, sing the entire part of Agathe. The goal was reached at last; in this character JENNY LIND made her *debut* in the theatre of Stockholm, and with this, her first step, the maiden of sixteen summers placed herself forever on the pinnacle which she was henceforth to occupy without a rival.

She had, at this period, never acted a tragic part, and had never received instructions for that purpose; at the rehearsals she appeared as though immovable—the actors trembled for the result. It came, and genius asserted its power and supremacy. JENNY LIND, by her fire, carried the lagging orchestra, which had taken the *allegro* too slow, to a quicker *tempo*, and the public, by her acting and singing, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. JENNY LIND was at once engaged as prima donna. Yet, while singing opera after opera—and the public would listen to no other vocalist—JENNY LIND and her master were struggling hard to conquer the inflexibility of her voice. Who, while listening enraptured to her now pearly fioriture, would believe that at that period, she could scarcely, with the greatest exertions, achieve the slightest cadence? Her notes, though pure and full, were without elasticity, and failed altogether in the power of the *crescendo*; she was not to be intimidated, but exercised her voice with the patience of the sculptor shaping his marble. Whilst thus persevering in such arduous practice, she interpreted, during eighteen months, "Euryanthe," "Alice," the "Vestal," parts requiring exertions which were most violent for her youth. Still the applause with which she was rewarded made but a deeper impression on her mind that she was not yet worthy of it; that her master had done for her everything in his power, but that the study of great examples and the finishing hand were required to conduct her to that elevation in art which she had ambitioned. Garcia was known to be the first vocal teacher in Europe; the wish of visiting him in Paris ripened to resolution. But how to accomplish it? Where were the means upon which to exist while giving up her engagement and passing one or two years in Paris? She had been accustomed to live in the first circles of society, beloved and honored by all who knew her; with the true pride of genius she shrunk from seeking assistance, and was resolved to trust to her own strength alone. During the vacation of the theatre she travelled with her father through the whole of Sweden and

Norway, giving concerts at every town, everywhere creating a sensation; and she returned to Stockholm with abundant means to carry out her resolution. Declaring her intention to the directors of the theatre and vindicating her act by unanswerable reasons, the courageous maiden obtained the wished-for leave of absence. Her parents attempted not to dissuade her—they knew their child; firm, decided, silent, and earnest, she followed up her resolutions steadfastly. Her parents knew her purity of mind, the futility of temptation; and so they left her to her fate. Occupied in their avocation, they could not afford to accompany her during this long absence; and so the girl of eighteen, alone, protected only by her firmness, her innocence, and her sacred love for art, journeyed to that capital which had already produced so much greatness, and destroyed so much of the noble and virtuous.

Arrived in Paris, her first visit was to Garcia, to whom she had been provided with introductory letters. It was with the most intense anxiety that she crossed his threshold. She stood now before the master on whose decision she had built her whole futurity. Garcia received her kindly; she sang—he listened to her without signs of approbation or disapprobation; and when she had concluded, he said calmly, "My dear child, you have no voice." A dreadful word for JENNY. "Or," added he, correcting himself, "you have *had* a voice and are just going to lose it. Probably you have been singing too much or too early, for your organ is worn and rugged; I cannot give you any instruction at present. Do not sing a note for three months, and then give me another call. Such was the comfortless answer of the man upon whom rested all her hopes.

Three months were spent by JENNY LIND in profound solitude; in that entire loneliness one only learns to feel rightly in such large capitals. "I was living on my tears and the agony of the *mal de pays*," she said once, speaking of her Parisian residence. Nevertheless, nothing could induce her to return without procuring from Garcia another trial. After the lapse of the stipulated time Garcia found that her voice had improved, and that her instructions might commence. At this time Garcia was teaching a countrywoman of LIND's, Madlle. Nissen, who possessed a very powerful, full-toned voice, but no mental abilities. JENNY LIND confesses that it often brought her to despair to hear Garcia hold up that lady to her as an example, whilst she felt that she understood more, and was pursuing loftier aims than would ever be attained by her fellow-student. Garcia was wont to say, "If JENNY LIND had

the voice of Nissen, or the latter JENNY's intelligence, one of them would become the greatest singer in Europe." Although JENNY used to compose the *cadenzi* and *fiorituri* to the airs she was studying, and Garcia so much approved of them as to copy them, he could never believe that she would ever rise above mediocrity; and she often observes that, next to herself, nobody would be more astonished about her successes than her old master, Garcia. In the following year a Swedish composer was sent to Paris, in order to summon her home, she being painfully missed, both by the public and management at Stockholm. Through this gentleman she became acquainted with the celebrated Meyerbeer, and his well-practised eye soon recognized the pearl under the modest and unpretending shell. His single doubt was, whether the peculiar charm of the flute-like purity of her delicate voice would sufficiently tell in a large space. He therefore arranged a rehearsal with full orchestra in the *salon* of the Grand Opera, and JENNY LIND sang the three great scenes from *Robert le Diable*, *Norma*, and the *Freischutz*, with such effect that Meyerbeer made her at once offers for Berlin. Her love of home, however, and the word she had pledged drew her back to Stockholm. Received with enthusiasm in her native town, the young girl gave proofs of her successful studies during her absence; she proved an excellent actress, a perfect mistress of delivery, and the possession of an organ which seemed when most exerted more pure and beautiful. As she had formerly been the favorite at Stockholm, she was now its pride—all participated in her triumphs. The subsequent spring brought Meyerbeer's invitation to assist at the opening of the Opera. It was with grief JENNY thought of again leaving her native place, but she was urged to obey the call of the great master. As deep as her loss was felt in Stockholm, it was, nevertheless, generally acknowledged that JENNY LIND had to attain a European reputation, and that it would be cruel to interrupt her in her glorious career. The invitation was accepted. In August, 1844, she went to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was then writing an opera, in order to arrive at a better understanding with the master, and to acquire the German language. At the request of the management at Stockholm she returned, however, after a month's absence, once more to Sweden, to assist at the coronation of the King. It being now decided at Stockholm that JENNY LIND was to pass the winter in Berlin, they began to fear her entire loss, and a number of the most wealthy bankers proposed to the young artiste to deposit annually a certain sum for ten

years, so that at the expiration of that time she would be in possession of a considerable fortune, if she would consent to bind herself not to leave Stockholm.

JENNY LIND was touched to the heart by this generous proof of the deep interest of her countrymen; but she had given her word, which was sacred. The evening of JENNY'S leave-taking was one of universal sorrow; the public wept more than they applauded; it was as though a beloved child was departing. The streets were crowded by thousands on the day of her departure.

She knew then scarcely twenty words of the German language; but after two months' application, all admired the correctness of her pronunciation: such is her quickness of comprehension and facility of retention.

JENNY LIND remained four months in Berlin, during which time the enthusiasm of the public was hourly increasing. Through all the districts of Germany, and far beyond its boundaries, her fame was extending, and soon the managers of London and Paris were outbidding each other to win the northern songstress; but she was obliged to return to Sweden by her previous engagement. She appeared at Berlin in *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Camp of Silesia*, and *Fille du Regiment*. The night of her leave-taking was distinguished by marks of approbation such as, perhaps, had never been shown to an artist on that stage. It was not that loud burst of tumultuous applause so frequently offered to musical talent; no, a deep silence evinced the intense interest. Scarcely had the curtain concealed her from the eyes of the excited public, than one rush was made upon the stage, to bring her forward amidst the most enthusiastic cheers.

Previously to her return to Stockholm, she visited most of the other principal towns of northern Germany, gathering everywhere the same laurels. In Hamburgh, a silver laurel wreath was presented to her on her departure. Her entire journey was a constant triumph.

During the following summer she was called to the festivals on the Rhine, which the King of Prussia was preparing for the sovereign of Great Britain. On this occasion she appeared in Frankfort and Cologne. The Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag,) pronounced her the first singer of her time.

From November, 1845, till the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled her engagement for five months at the Theatre Royal of Berlin; she then proceeded to Vienna, where she made her *debut* as Norma, on the 22d

of April, in the Theatre An Der Wien, before that public to whom in Germany belongs the final adjudication in matters musical. She appeared and conquered!

Her appearance took place in the presence of a crowded house, containing, probably, the whole musical public of Vienna, as well as the Imperial Court. The reports which had preceded her, the exaggerations of the so-called "Lind-enthusiasts," the unprecedentedly high prices of admission, had raised to such a degree the anticipations of the public, that JENNY LIND expressed her doubts of success, and declared that, but for having given her word, she would not consent to appear. With visible nervousness—with the elevation and dignity of a priestess, but yet with an expression of humbleness—she ascended the Druid tree, and under a silence so hushed, that one almost fancied he heard the many thousand hearts beating in anxiety while the public was awaiting the first sounds of her voice; but scarcely had they resounded, scarcely had the genius of her art become alive within her, than the whole house burst into one cheer decisive of her fate in Vienna.

The following relation of a circumstance already alluded to in the earlier part of JENNY LIND's career, is from an authentic source:—

On her return to Stockholm, JENNY LIND appeared and sang in some few concerts. She was, indisputably, a greater singer than she had heretofore been. The wonder, however, was now over. She was no longer the mere child. She could no more be petted, praised, and caressed as a prodigy. What have we to marvel at in the girl's wish for a new stage to appear on? She determined to apply to the management at Berlin. After some difficulty, she succeeded in her application. She was engaged there, but in what position? She was engaged as their second soprano. The first was Mademoiselle Nissen.

Nissen's voice had made her a favorite. The Prussians had then no room for a second one. Some few journals condescended to notice JENNY's first appearance. They spoke of the cultivation of her voice, and there the praise accorded to her ended; for she had no letters of introduction to any journalist, and, consequently, no critic took her by the hand and made much of her. After all, journalism would be literally the same in England, and I doubt not but that it would be very little different on our own shores. It has not to deal with the future of the artist, but with the present, and it must be conceded that no genius can supply the want of voice in a singer. The critic, I believe, spoke briefly of JENNY LIND's talent as a mere actress on her first appearance,

and seriously advised her to relinquish the lyric in favor of the dramatic stage. Possibly, at the time, he was not aware that she was born a Swede. One morning, however, as she sat down to her piano, for the purpose of practising, she found a wonderful change had taken place in her voice. It had returned to her in all its old purity. She could scarcely believe her ears. All her old fancies came back to her. "If it but continue," she exclaimed, "I shall yet be famous."

When she entered the theatre, there was something so uncommon in the joyous sparkling of her eyes, and the excitement of her whole demeanor, that her friends clustered round her, to ask what happy intelligence she had that day received from home?

"None," was her reply.

"Then tell us, JENNY, dear," exclaimed one of her friends, "what is the matter; for we can see that you must have heard some pleasant secret."

"No," said JENNY, gently; "it is, simply, that I have recovered my voice."

And so it proved, and the effects of that recovery were more wonderful than the gentle Swede could by any possibility have anticipated. Mademoiselle Nissen had, as usual, the principal part, but no sooner had JENNY struck the first notes of that little air, than it became evident that she had indeed recovered her voice. All who were behind the scenes rushed to the wings to hear her. The house was breathless, and when she ended, astonishment for some moments held them mute. What had they heard? Could this possibly be the singer whose claims upon them they had so long failed to recognize? Then burst out a perfect roar of approbation, and blushing and trembling, JENNY was forced to repeat the morsel which she had so often sung with scarcely a hand lifted to testify to its excellence. Nissen sung that night possibly better than she had ever before or since done. She was stung into exertion. But she was unable to efface the impression made on the audience by her hitherto comparatively unknown companion. As for JENNY, she was applauded when she came on or when she left the stage, and whether she had to sing or not. The audience felt that they had either been deaf to the voice of the songstress for three long months or that they then assisted at a scene which bore a very respectable approach to the character of a modern miracle. When the curtain fell, she was summoned repeatedly before it; and when she that night returned to her own home, she retired to her couch to dream of the chance which had restored to

her the prospects which had, a day or two before, seemed quenched to her forever. And in truth this is probably one of the most wonderful incidents which have ever taken place upon the lyric stage—whether we look only at its effects, or receive it simply as a curious and remarkable anecdote of JENNY'S early career. That one who had for more than three or four months been regarded as little more than a "nobody" in theatricals, should, in a single night, and in an indifferent part, eclipse the *prima donna* of the season, is, in truth, a strange chance. Yet, scarcely is it stranger than are almost all the incidents of JENNY LIND'S early life. Her youthful, I should rather say her childish, celebrity; the kindness of the old *capel meister*, who taught her the first notes of that art, on whose flood she has floated to perfection; the loss of her voice, its sudden return to her, are all touched more or less by the marvellousness which characterizes the early part of her history. After this, we are to have another phase in it. Her life becomes one long and golden dream, broken in upon alone by her triumphs and by her noble and lavish charity.

Having gone the usual rounds of continental success, and being met everywhere with an enthusiasm unequalled in the history of art, the fair songstress was at length to test her fame before the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre in London,—an audience composed of the most refined, intellectual and accomplished men and women in the world, and including many amateurs of such surpassing musical gifts as would instantly elevate them to the highest rank as artists were they to appear in public: in a word, an audience undoubtedly constituting the highest tribunal of taste in the world.

The season at Her Majesty's Theatre had opened badly. The orchestra was new and wanted drilling. The last season's desertions threatened to destroy Lumley. Moreover, the Italian Opera House at Covent Garden was well nigh finished. Grisi, Persiani, Mario and Tamburini were soon to appear there in their old characters. Costa led the orchestra, when of old it had been, at Her Majesty's Theatre, the best in Europe. He had transferred himself and his *bâton* to the rival house. Nay, more, he had carried the best artists in the troop with him. Lumley, however, had iron nerves. He did not suffer himself to be frightened by the chances that appeared to weigh so heavily against him. He filled his house by giving away the boxes, and appeared tranquil.

What was the secret of this?

It was true that he had announced a new singer. JENNY LIND was to appear. It was, however, but a year since that JENNY was to have appeared under the management of Bunn. She failed him. Might she not also fail Lumley? Moreover, was she certain to succeed? Lumley was a good judge; but even a good judge may be mistaken in the value he sets upon a singer.

Meanwhile, the Italian Opera opened, and with undisputed success. The house was full every night. Still Lumley bore it with quietude, and at length JENNY LIND did arrive. It was clear that she would appear. Now musical London was in commotion. She was a Swede. Could she sing Italian? What was her personal appearance? Had she the black eyes and haughty face of Grisi? or was she fair, pale and *petite*, like Persiani? A few connoisseurs had heard her at rehearsal. They were warm in their commendations. John Burford, the critic of the *Times*, said that, beyond comparison, she was the first *soprano* of the day. Such an opinion, in the leading journal of England, had universal currency, and the agitation of the musical world became extreme. Lord Lumley had also returned from his winter at Berlin and Paris. He had heard her in the first capital. His opinion was enthusiastically expressed. Fashionable society listened to him, and was as eager to hear her as the world of music. At length the time came. The first night was announced. Lumley had underrated the attraction he had to offer to fashionable and musical London. When, at the usual time, he sent into the office for the boxes he was in the habit of sending to the leading journals, not a single one was to be obtained. What was to be done? He abandoned his own box to Burford and Hastings. To the rest of the critics he offered excuses, and proffered stalls, some half dozen of which he luckily found vacant. Singularly enough the excitement had spread from the two classes which is naturally at first touched, and at five o'clock, an hour unknown at the opera for such an occurrence, crowds of well dressed individuals began to cluster about the pit and gallery doors. The corridors of the opera were choked up, and when the doors opened, two hours and a half later, the crush was tremendous. Coats were torn, head dresses crushed. Several ladies were carried out fainting, and not above half of those who had been in waiting obtained places.

We had (says one of the fortunate *ins*, on that occasion,) luckily, a stall secured for us. The critic of a fashionable weekly journal, who was also a gallery reporter in the House of Commons was compelled to

attend there, and had requested us to do his duty at the opera. We had heard JENNY LIND before, at Berlin, but were not sorry to have the opportunity of listening to her divine voice once more. We were, therefore, early in our place. This, however, was with some difficulty, as we found a gentleman in it who was excessively loth to give it up. He was, nevertheless, obliged to do so.

The Opera was Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. We had heard her in it before, and knew what she could do. Our determination, therefore, was to give more attention to the audience than the singer, if that was possible. The house was crammed to the ceiling. The lobbies were filled with scattered wanderers who were searching for places. Some one or two, here and there, managed to make an entrance into a friend's box, but the majority were doomed to see and hear homœpathic editions of the Opera.

The first part of the Opera began. The curtain was drawn up, and the audience were in breathless expectation of JENNY. At last she appeared. A modest looking and plain girl with grey eyes that were now humid with doubt and fear. The warm applause an English audience ever awards a stranger was strengthened by the timid look she threw around her, and then the first notes broke from her lips. Nothing might be heard in the house save her entrancing vocalization and the accompaniment from the orchestra. Scarcely had she ended the air than a perfect tumult of applause broke from the audience. Her success was complete and instantaneous. It was felt that a new singer was amongst them, the greatest then living. Then, also, a change took place in JENNY. The fire of genius burnt in her eyes, and lit up her whole person. She felt her success. From that moment she had no doubt. Her timidity vanished, and only her beautiful modesty remained. At the close of the act the audience recalled her before the curtain. Three times did the applause break out, and three times she had to bow and place her hand on her heart to restrain the quick beatings which were called out by it. From that moment no one in the Opera was listened to but her, and at its close she was again called forward. The audience stood up to testify their admiration of the successful artist. Bouquets were flung on the stage, enough to have filled a moderately sized cart. The aristocracy for once forgot their usual lassitude to applaud her warmly and enthusiastically. Her success was decided, and from that moment she was acknowledged as the first and most brilliant of modern vocalists who had ever trodden upon the English stage.

Probably no event in the musical world ever excited so much attention as the engagement of JENNY LIND by Lumley. It commenced with his return from his continental tour. Said a leading journal:

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Since our pen was last employed in recording the proceedings at this establishment, Mr. Lumley, the director, has returned from his travels in search of the Swedish Nightingale. Mr. Lumley has not travelled in vain, for JENNY LIND is here. She arrived on Saturday, a few hours later than Mr. Lum himself, and appeared that same evening in a box at the Opera, looking out for the beauties of Verd's *I Due Foscari*, which was repeated on that occasion for the third time, Coletti being much more effective than ever in the Doge. JENNY LIND seemed much amused with the opera, and also with Lucile Grahn in the *ballet of Orithia*, of which she remained to see the greatest portion. JENNY LIND was also evidently pleased with Rosati and Marie Taglioni, both of whom danced between the second and third acts of the opera. The house was very full. So great was the curiosity about the LIND, that for once that an opera-glass was directed to the stage it was thrice directed to the box in which she sat, accompanied by a cavalier and a dame. So many eloquent pens have lately attempted to describe her that it will appear presuming in us to follow their example and emulate their failure. Nevertheless, for the sake of gratifying our excellent friends in the provinces, who glean all their Opera information from our pages, we shall not quake before the task we have set ourselves—that of drawing in some half dozen lines, the picture of an artist who has caused more commotion previous to her appearance (as the angry moon breeds storms, looking so calm the while) than all the foreign luminaries put together, who, for the last half century, have lent their light to this country in the period of the harvest time.

"JENNY LIND is young—of the middle height—fair-haired—blue eyed—neither stout nor slender, but well proportioned—neither fat nor thin, but enough of the one for comeliness, and enough of the other for romance—meek-looking when her features are at rest, full of animation and energy when they are at play—like *Fate* when she frowns, like *Love* when she smiles—in short, the very maiden of the German poet's dreams, the *jungfrau* of Schiller's *Ideal*. JENNY LIND is neither handsome nor plain, neither pretty nor ugly, but something that hovers about the abstract qualities of everything, catching a portion of them, but resembling them in nothing. Her face is like the water, ever-changing its expression according to the influence that trou-

bles it from without; but it is fairer than the water, for the spirit that lives within is an ineffable spirit, restless and unstable withal,—now dancing in her eyes, now playing on her lips like an unbodied joy, now lying cosily in the dimples of her cheek and chin. But what madness to attempt a description of that which is not to be described. As well might you count the sunbeams—with as much profit embrace a wave as it flows to its annihilation. JENNY LIND is what neither you, nor we, Reader, can account for. The expressions of her countenance are as the fleeting shapes which the golden clouds of sunset will assume; look at them, and if you be a Turner, catch them as you look; but, if you turn aside and look again, they are gone forever—others succeed, but not the same—they may live in the memory, for they have fled from the outward world. But with all this JENNY LIND is a simple German maiden, who talks and laughs, and eats and drinks, and shakes hands with you (the sensation this gives you is rather indefinable, by the way,) and does everything else *but sing* like all the rest of the world. How she does this will be for us to tell before many more suns and moons have risen and set, and the hours that entertained them have fled away, like the dark arrow in the noon.

"Now, Reader, we have attempted to describe JENNY LIND, for your pleasure, and have failed as utterly as our amiable friend of the *Observer* and the rest of them—but we hold ourselves entitled to your gratitude for having made an exposition of our incompetency. We have exceeded the half-dozen lines—but the subject expanded as we went on."

And another writes:

"But merriest of all mortal music is that in which all the world is now carolling around us the praises of JENNY LIND. The great and gifted songstress, who has queened the realm and become heiress to the throne of Melody, is now with a veritable presence at Her Majesty's Theatre, and makes her *début* to the British public on Tuesday next. The excitement to get a chance—even a hope—of hearing her is at its climax, and public anxiety has never, since the time of Sontag, approached the delirium of expectation which absorbs it now.

"Nor is there a question of any disappointment upon the issue. This is no *furor* to be followed by a *fiasco*. Great as is the stake of genius and reputation, JENNY LIND, whether as actress or singer, will amply redeem it all. The rehearsals which have taken place during the week have completely stormed the senses of those who had the good fortune

to be present; and the cry of all who heard the wonder is, that she will overtop the public hope. Her extraordinary power of enthralling the emotions communicated itself not to critics and musicians only, but the artisans and mechanics of the theatre acknowledged natural influences, and a controlling power, which they found it impossible to resist. It did not need the refinement of musical taste and knowledge to force upon the most simple and least cultivated—the rude and unlettered of her audience—the conviction that a spirit was among them, weird and mighty in its fascination, uttering and interpreting the most beautiful oracles of the heart."

The triumphant *Britannia* thus gave vent to its joy upon the occasion:

"The arrival of JENNY LIND has struck another decisive blow at that battery of fraud and falsehood which malice and misadventure had brought in vain to bear upon the spirit, character, and enterprise that have marked the brilliant career of Her Majesty's Theatre from the dawn to the Easter of the season of 1847. The lie which would fain have sullied the integrity, while it dared not dispute the genius, of the great and gifted creature who is now among us, is acting its own recoil; and its rebound in the camp of the enemy is rife with the stun, and terror, and destruction, to which it would fain have devoted the temple wherein the star is now to blaze. Amid the despair and the confusion, the *Chronicle* groaneth in an agony of spirit—the *Athenæum* squeaketh from its piccolo of pain! The Guy Fawkes of Covent Garden is detected in his vault; and the house of Royalty, and the home of art and fashion, maintains its pristine splendor on its ancient classic ground. Her Majesty's Theatre has triumphed over toil, and stratagem, and treason; and unto Her Majesty's Theatre JENNY LIND is come!

"What now of the small inventions and miserable subterfuges—what now of the dull declamations and insipid plausibilities of those who proclaimed that fair celebrity an eternal absentee! The malevolent are mute—the defamers are dumb—and the glad aristocracy and the rejoicing public are merry with *Io pæans* that JENNY LIND is here!

"To truth and promise Mr. Lumley has kept that fidelity which maintains his theatre worthy of the *prestige* and patronage of Her Majesty's name; to the royal and noble houses whose lofty scions have looked to him with all faith and confidence he has returned the gage of trust unsullied, and his word but shines the brighter for being brightly kept;—to the great world who own the luxury of art, and love to make pil-

grimage to the shrine of Genius, he has brought the high-priestess of the temple, and JENNY LIND is here!

"And who is JENNY LIND?

"Not because high praises have been sung of her in every land—not because enthusiasm has plumed its wings to bear her fame wheresoever men worship what is glorious, and do homage to what is great—not because she has thrilled and thralled thousands with ecstatic awe, and blended in their wondering spirits the delirium of pleasure with emotions more deep-reaching and sublime—not because the fresh inspiration of a young divinity has been watched to glow over her features, and heard to rapture in her voice—not because men have communed to you and marvelled with you, and you have read musingly and heard flatteringly of all this paramount renown, have you therefore imagined, or can you yet fathom, who is JENNY LIND?

"She is one of whom no hearsay reputation can tell the tale of truth—the fullness of your knowledge of her can only be the fruit of her *presence; hear* of her, and the brilliancy of her reputation may, ere long, dart from your memory like a shooting star; *see* her—live before her—listen to her—and confess the luminary that must shine forever in your heart.

"What is she like? A multitude of similes, a crowd of imagery, come dancing to the brain; and if they be good, and pure, and beautiful, they might be combined to typify a description of JENNY LIND. But alone—singly—the happiest thought is nothing, and only the blending and harmonizing of many colors will create for us the picture we would paint.

"The personal presence of the young fascinatress is placid, modest charm. The ordinary characteristics of beauty, as we apply the word to lovely form and chiselled feature, do not strike or surprise us as we gaze on JENNY LIND;—but the graceful modesty; the ineffable intelligence, subdued within itself; the sweet repose of spirit beneath which the inspiration lurks; the look that is eloquent without a study, and can captivate without a smile; the simplicity that wants no artifice, and yet the expression whose fountain *must* be in the soul,—these are the elements out of which Nature has moulded for her a beauty of her own, as unlike what we have admired from other moulds, as her acting is unlike other acting, as her singing differs from the interpretation of every other voice.

"What we are writing, let it be believed, is the result of impression,

not of exaggeration; and we are not alone or before others in an enthusiasm which it is impossible to see JENNY LIND and not partake. Long before her happy advent to this country—long before the eagerness to gain the treasure had set our first *impressario* in its pursuit—long before we ventured to hope for JENNY LIND, much less expected her in England;—travelled, educated, and well-judging Englishmen abroad had read and judged her as we read and judge her now.

"At the great German festival of the summer of 1846—the '*Niederrheinisches Musikfest*,'—held at Aix-la-Chapelle, the *Times* newspaper had an accomplished critic on the spot, and we honor the fervor and sympathize in the excitement with which, under the spell of JENNY LIND'S genius, he thought and wrote. We transcribe from copies of the *Times* some extracts from his remarkable criticisms:

"'JENNY LIND, of whose splendid voice, unsophisticated taste, and marvellous execution too much cannot be said, even by the most enthusiastic writer.

"'From the fullness of her voice, and the volume of intonation which she throws forth, Her Majesty's Theatre would not be large, and the very last bench of the pit or gallery would have no reason to complain.

"'Above all the chorus were heard the glorious tones of JENNY LIND, clear as a bell, and only to be equalled by the lark, as it soars toward heaven.

"'Her execution of 'With verdure clad,' was such as angels might envy. She sustained one note—as long as the time allowed—for nearly sixty seconds; and, after a thrill that electrified the audience, she drew out a long note (technically *diminuendo*,) beginning in all the fullness of *forte* and terminating in an apex of melody, the last tone-pianissimo being as pure and tuneful as the base.

"'It was only when JENNY LIND came that fine effects were produced, and the enthusiasm of the audience awoke. It required the brilliant flashes of her voice to convince that Dryden's *poetry*, and Handel's music, *thus united*, composed the banquet of harmony at which we were regaled.'" "'In the love song, ('With ravished ears'), she sang as if the monarch-god were speaking in her person, and she dwelt on every note as the fiat of his will.'"

"Here is a bit of the same criticism, which we hope soon to find *apropos* of the *Tempest*:

"'The music of Mendelssohn, accompanied by him, and sung by JENNY LIND, is one of those rare events which we of British growth

have seldom the opportunity of witnessing. The master's fingers touched the keys; but all his attention was fixed on JENNY LIND; and I believe he derived more exquisite satisfaction even than any other person present.' "

"What follows is so interesting, so descriptive, and withal so admirably applicable to the state of public feeling at this moment, conveying a prophecy along with its fulfillment, that we must find room for it entire:

"'When JENNY LIND arose to sing her national airs, a thunder of applause was given, and then the house returned to the most perfect silence. In the mean time, Mr. Mendelssohn had taken his seat at the piano, and every eye and ear were fixed on him and her. The first passage sung by JENNY LIND convinced the strangers that nature, and not art, had given her the perfection of all voices. She burst out into one of those carols that a village maid essays; and with the sweetness of Miss Stephens, and the power of Catalini, she warbled music that truly might be called divine. The air partook much of the character of Swiss songs, so hackneyed since Madame Stackhausen introduced them into London concerts; but JENNY LIND gave her air a power and expression unattempted by any other voice. At one moment she sang with a force that might awake the dead, and the next instant the sounds were heard gradually softening away and dying into distance through a melodious vista. Then she resumed her rural manner, and with smiles, and a subdued dramatic action, indulged in gushes of melody which cannot be forgotten by those who heard them.

"'The audience rose in a body when the air was over, and bouquets without number were thrown at her feet. Some persons vociferated '*Encore!*' and '*Bis!*' and JENNY LIND, as if to make us doubt the evidence of our senses, burst out into another strain with a voice sweet as the Æolian harp, but of such tremendous energy, that it was distinctly heard above the thunders of applause that still echoed in the *salle*. She sang no less than four different melodies, though the programme announced but one; and so unsophisticated and so artless is she, that she seemed to take as much delight in singing as we did in listening.

"'Ah, Mesdames ———, ———, and ———, take care, win favors from Paris and London while you can, for a child of nature is coming who is superior to each and all. You have brought science to such perfection, that when your voices are gone art can produce the effect desired. You have perverted a natural gift into a web of artifice and

humbug. You have substituted gas-light for the sun's rays, and cut up harmony into bits of sparkling tinsel. You have vocalized screams that would not be tolerated at the fish-market, and burlesqued nature by your absurd pretensions of prima donna. But JENNY LIND is coming in the flower of her youth to restore nature to its purity, and to convince you that music and melody are inseparable. Make the most of your short reign, for the St. Cecilia of Sweden is at hand. You thought that JENNY LIND was not beautiful because a correspondent of the *Times* did not see with the eyes of faith; but I protest that she has the true beauty of expression, and that when she sings her dulcet strains touch every heart. Her conduct in private life is irreproachable, and though sought for and flattered on every side, she retains an unsophisticated manner, which is the true companion of great talent.

"'The concert closed with the concluding chorus of the *Creation*, which was performed in a manner that worthily crowned the *Musikfest*. As the last note was struck, the audience rose in a body, and overpowering cheers were given for Mendelssohn, JENNY LIND, and the vocal and instrumental amateurs who composed the choir and band. The ladies of the choir crowded round Mademoiselle LIND, to wish her a most affectionate farewell, and all the gentlemen were equally attentive to their great leader. The public lingered in the house till JENNY LIND left the stage, each person anxious to catch the parting glance of the enchanting stranger, and as they passed home in groups praises of her were heard from every circle.'"

"This was the sort of proclamation reaching us from abroad, which JENNY LIND has come among us to ratify and confirm; but even beyond the powerful spells of music—apart from the rich and weird magic which its influences work upon the heart, the senses, and the brain—we are able to lead our readers into another and a higher walk of art, and to declare to the British public, when they ask us, 'Who is JENNY LIND?'—that she is the greatest actress that ever trod our stage. Combining within her mighty interpretations the most wonderful varieties of dramatic power,—she will remind many an enthusiastic audience at Her Majesty's Theatre of the proud dignity of the Siddons—the heart-wringing pathos of the O'Neil—the tremendous energy of Pasta—the wild fire of Sontag—the depth and passion of Malibran—the natural sweetness and richness of Ellen Tree. Something of all these shall be remembered among us; and yet when all is over we shall know her and recognize her as *of* herself and *by* herself—the one un-

matched majesty, and wearing a crown of laurel of which not one leaf shall be gathered from any other's wreath.

"JENNY LIND makes her *début* in *Roberto il Diavolo*. She will play the part of Alice; Castellan being the Princess, and Staudigl the Bertram."

As a matter of curiosity we insert here the whole of Mr. Lumley's Programme for the Opera season of 1847, copied from the *Times*:

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The following outline of the ARRANGEMENTS for the SEASON 1847 is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made to secure, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, a Company still more worthy of the first Theatre in Europe, and of its distinguished Patrons, will ensure the continuation of their support.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind, Madame del Carmen Montenegro, Mdlle. Sanchioli, Mdlle. Fagiani, and Madame Solari; the Contralto, Mdlle. Vietti, Mdlle. Daria Nascio, and Madame Castellan. Signor Fraschini, the great Tenor of Italy, and the favorite Tenor, Signor Gardoni; Signor Superchi, Signor F. Lablache, Signor Borella, Signor Corelli; Signor Bouche of La Scala, his first appearance; the celebrated Basso Cantante, Herr Staudigl, and Signor Lablache. In addition to the above, arrangements are pending with Signor Coletti, of the Italian Opera at Paris.

That great composer, the Chevalier Meyerbeer, has arranged to visit this country, to bring out the CAMP DE SILESIE; the principal parts in the Camp de Silésie by Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Signor Fraschini.

The celebrated Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy will likewise visit England, and produce an Opera expressly composed for her Majesty's Theatre, the libretto founded on THE TEMPEST of Shakspere; written by M. Scribe.

Miranda	Mdlle. Jenny Lind.
Ferdinand	Sig. Gardoni.
Caliban	Herr Staudigl.
Prospero	Sig. Lablache.

It is likewise announced with great satisfaction, that Signor Verdi, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this theatre, a new Opera, of which the plot is founded on the ROBBERS of SCHILLER.

Rossini's Opera of ROBERT BRUCE, lately produced at the Académie Royale, has also been secured.

Mesdames Castellan, Sanchioli, and Montenegro; Signors Gardoni, Superchi, and Fraschini, will appear before Easter.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind, whose engagement commences in March, and extends until the end of the season, will appear immediately after Easter.

Director of the Music and Conductor, M. Balfe.

In addition to the above, several Operas, new to this country, will be produced, and the répertoire will be selected from the chefs-d'œuvre of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Bellini, &c.

The strictest attention has been paid to all the details, so that an ensemble may be presented perfect in all its parts.

A NUMEROUS ORCHESTRA,

of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best Orchestras of Europe, combined with former meritorious Artistes of the Establishment.

THE CHORUS has been chosen with the greatest care from Italy, Germany, and England; and will comprise upwards of Eighty Performers.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, and Mdlle. Cerito; in addition to which, an engagement has been made with Mdlle. Caroline Rosati (of La Scala, at Milan, and other great theatres of Italy), who will make her first appearance on the

first night of the season in a New Ballet, by M. Paul Taglioni; Mdlle. Wauthier, of La Scala; Madame Petit Stephan, Mdlle. Honoré, Mdlle. Elise Montfort; Mdlles. Thevenot, Julien, Lamoureux, Emile, Fanny Pascales, and Bertin; and Mdlle. Caroline Baucourt. In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that Mdlle. Taglioni may be induced to appear for a limited number of performances. M. St. Leon, M. d'Or, M. Gosselin, M. di Mattia, Sig. Venafra, M. Gouriet, M. P. Taglioni, and M. Perrot.

Composer of the Ballet Music, Signor Pugni.
Principal Artist, Mr. Marshall.

Maîtres de Ballet.—M. Paul Taglioni, M. Casati, of La Scala; and M. Perrot. Sous-Maître de Ballet, M. Grosselin; Régisseur de la Danse, M. Petit.

An Original Grand Ballet will be produced, written expressly for her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated Poet, Henri Haine, on a subject selected from the Old Legends of Germany. A Novel and Poetical Ballet, for the subject of which the establishment is indebted to the kindness of a popular and distinguished Poetess, entitled EGERIA.

The celebrated Pas de Quatre and Pas des Déesses will be revived and an entirely new Divertissement, introducing another Grand Pas, by M. Perrot, which, uniting all the peculiar attractions of the Pas des Déesses and Pas de Quatre, will present a novel feature of striking originality, and will combine the talent of all, to be entitled LA CONSTELLATION.

We have already given a general account of the first appearance of JENNY LIND in London, which was on the 4th of May, 1847. But in order to enable the American public to form a proper estimate of the peculiar powers and style of this artist, we have carefully and laboriously collated from the leading English journals, their remarks and criticisms —which, be it understood, are the *real*, unpurchasable opinions of the critics themselves, and do not, as is too often the case in our own country, emanate from the box-office, and get themselves printed at two shillings a line. These criticisms we are persuaded will be far more interesting to our readers, than any of our own speculations; as, proceeding as they do from the most accomplished and authoritative pens in Europe, they will not only enable us to form an accurate estimate of JENNY LIND, but will be found full of information on the general subject of music and the opera.

The first notice we shall extract, is that of the *Morning Post*, the especial organ of royalty and the English aristocracy.

"Never did any theatrical event within our memory create such a sensation, both without and within the walls of a theatre, as the *début* last night of Mlle. JENNY LIND. But the most important fact is, that never was expectation so gloriously realized. Surrounded by the highest aristocracy of the land sat the whole of the Royal Family, including the two Queens. The reception of JENNY LIND was most enthusiastic, and as the performance proceeded this enthusiasm grew into a perfect *furore*. Each time she sang, the whole house—pit, stalls, boxes, and gallery—

applauded simultaneously, amidst waving of hats and kerchiefs, and such irrepressible laudatory exclamations as baffle all description.

"Whatever had been anticipated of the vocalist who has filled the journals and supplied the topic of conversation for many months past, she surpasses all expectation. Whatever had been hoped of the splendor of the cast, that likewise was more than fulfilled. The band, admirably subdued and disciplined; the chorus, above all, the female voices, were more excellent than ever; whilst the scenery was in the highest degree effective, and the costumes and *mise en scène* equal to the grandeur of the work. From the introductory chorus to the finale of this splendid opera, it bears the stamp of genius the most extraordinary of our age. A chorus of the most original structure, and rich at the same time, opens the action; all is ready for a tournament, in which the vanquisher is about to be crowned by the Princess of Grenada. This chorus is sung by the united chevaliers before the tent of the Prince, Duke of Normandy, who comes to partake of their games, which, owing to the presence and art of *Bertram*, soon degenerate into orgies, violence, and despair. The first act, written almost entirely in the Italian style, displays, as much as the action, the sombre and elevated character of German thought. The portentous solo of the trombone, which always announces the presence of *Bertram*, the lugubrious and strange harmony of accompaniment apparent in every note sung by this personage, bear to the soul of the spectator a presentiment which makes him shudder, and makes him comprehend that it is from him that all the bad propensities that reign in the heart of *Robert* arise; this has always appeared to us the immutable proof of a surpassing genius. We know not a melody more graceful, or more *spirituel* than the Sicilienne 'O Fortune,' sung by *Robert* (Fraschini) in perfection. The spirit and energy he here displayed were renewed with pathos in other parts. Mlle. JENNY LIND, as *Alice*, in that tender and sublime cavatina known as 'Va, dit-elle,' exceeded, indeed, all that has been said of her; well might an electric burst of applause follow its conclusion. We have never heard a voice equal to hers in sweetness and flexibility; her ornaments, unlike the stereotyped style of the old *artistes*, are so fresh and so chaste that they seem to be the spontaneous impression and inspiration of the moment. Then her faculty of imperceptibly swelling and diminishing her voice is unequalled in all modern singers. We would say that in this respect her voice resembled an instrument, were it not for the extreme sensibility and wonderful power of expression displayed in all she

accomplished with so much true artistic finish. She is, indeed, a consummate *artiste*, combining all the harmony of the German school with all the purity and taste of the most finished Italian style. Her shake is the most wonderful we ever heard. Each note, as well as each word, is as distinct as a *coup de marteau*. What is more striking or more sombre than *Bertram's* song, when *Robert* loses even his armor and his noble courser? 'Console-toi' is given with a soul and dramatic power beyond conception by Staudigl. The Italian style still prevails in the second act; but in the accompaniments, and in the choice of the instruments, a distinct *souvenir* of the excellent lessons of the Abbé Vogler is to be remarked, which are, however, illumined by sparks of that sacred fire which burns incessantly in the souls of eminent *artistes*. The cavatina, accompanied by the chorus of women, the charming duet, and the bravura air, are incontestibly in this style models not yet imitated. In the charming buffo duet executed by *Raimbeaux* and *Bertram* (Gardoni and Staudigl) there are phrases of the greatest beauty, inspired by the exquisite sentiment of art. The two artists, with such contrasting voices, gave it forth with a spirit beyond all praise, eliciting at once the most vehement *encore*. This is succeeded by a piece of rare beauty, sung by *Bertram*, which initiates us into a knowledge of the tortures which oppress him, and to the regrets of the past, which paternal love has rendered still more poignant. Here Staudigl was supreme. To this *morceau* of such true eloquence is attached a chorus of demons, which has the most picturesque and striking effect. Here the new choral band was put to the test, and the success was immediate. Then comes the duet between *Alice* and *Bertram*,—a duet which seems from the very commencent to have attained in music the highest possible limits,—a duet where it was necessary that each should maintain the same importance. The execution of this superb composition by Mlle. JENNY LIND and Staudigl was the very perfection of musical art, and the shake at the conclusion by Mlle. JENNY LIND was a wonder in vocal science. What shall we say of the trio, without accompaniment, between *Alice*, *Robert*, and *Bertram*—what of the duets between *Robert* and *Bertram*—of the sepulchral march of the phantoms that accompany the appalling solo of the bassoon, and of that orgie whose joyous accents carry terror to the soul of the spectator? We say, with the greatest sincerity, that there is in this third act sufficient to give a composer an immortal reputation. In the fourth act we find all his charming Italian inspirations; a delicious romance, sung by

Isabella (Madame Castellan), charmingly accompanied by harps, is, however, remarkable for its German structure. If the illustrious *maestro* accomplished in the third act prodigies of harmony and orchestration, he reserved for the fifth all the treasures of his ardent soul and his vast genius. What shall we say of the chorus of monks, of the duet between *Robert* and *Bertram*? Success follows success; we advance from prodigy to prodigy. We therefore say nothing of the trio in the fifth act, for we cannot say again what we have so often repeated.

"We must add a few words as regards Mlle. JENNY LIND. Her acting is equal to her singing—to the least word she gives importance and intensity of expression. When *Bertram* asks her if she has detected his 'whereabouts,' the answer, 'Nulla! nulla!' has depth of feeling and of truth surpassing anything we ever witnessed. But when she clasps the cross, defies her awful persecutor, and exclaims '*Heaven is with me!*'' the effect is of a most soul-stirring nature. The *encores* spun out the performance to so late an hour that we must despair, with our fatigued attention, to do justice to so extraordinary and exciting a performance as that of last night; in a word, the termination was, that the chief performers were thrice recalled with the most vehement plaudits we ever heard, and when we left the house the spectators had been for more than twenty minutes demanding the presence of the proprietor of the theatre to thank him for their enjoyment."

The Times gives the following account of the event:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The advent of JENNY LIND upon the boards of our Anglo-Italian stage, must form a grand epoch in the lyrical history of this country. So much has been thought, said, and written of this young artiste; so violent has been the war for her possession; so conflicting the opinions of her merits; and so many doubts were entertained of her singing in this country, that when the 'great fact' was announced that she would positively appear on Tuesday night, the town-talk was completely absorbed with this subject. The Queen in her palace, the lady in her boudoir, the men at the clubs, the merchant on 'Change, the clerk in his office, and, indeed, all sorts of people, from the most exalted to the lowest members of society, spoke of JENNY LIND. It is, therefore, no marvel that the box-office and the Opera libraries should be besieged by eager applicants for places; that the Haymarket, as the hour of trial approximated, should be filled with carriages and cabs; that a multitude, dense and compact, should be assembled together, heated, excited, and anxiously awaiting the result. The whole scene

seemed more like a nation's rejoicing for a great victory than that of congregating to witness the first appearance of a young girl from foreign parts. Who may say that the English are a nation saturnine—that they are cold and calculating—that they suffer the judgment to wait upon the will? No! Let their ice receive but a glimmering of the sun, and the depths of their enthusiasm gush forth with the strength of a great river. And thus it was on Tuesday night; for no sooner were the doors unbarred than the populace rushed into the theatre, bearing down and crushing in locks, bolts and bars; as if by the spell of a wizard, each spot was occupied. Hundreds who had sought admission were constrained to cast a longing, lingering look to the Mecca of their hopes. No more money could be received, and a present embargo was laid upon the admission of the official pasteboard. Well, the house assembled, and after the fixing and settling, and wiping of opera glasses, all was nervous expectation. Suddenly the eyes of the audience are simultaneously turned to the left-hand side of the theatre. There were seen the revered person of her Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, her Royal Mother, and the Lords and Ladies of the royal retinue; in the adjoining box, the respected and universally beloved Queen Dowager; and in the same bright circle the Duchess of Cambridge, one of our best *dilettante*, with her suite; and there was the beautiful Baroness Brunow, and her diplomatic lord, and the several representatives of every foreign court; and all the fair dames of England, and the flower of English chivalry—all willing votaries of art and genius, and supporters of irreproachable conduct, when manifested in the person of an artist who had won golden opinions from all ranks—from all ages—the admired of Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn—the honored of the crowned heads of Germany—the idol of her native land!

"The opera selected was the *Robert le Diable*, of Meyerbeer, and the character chosen by JENNY LIND was the exquisite creation of Alice—the gentle, the devoted, the holy-minded, single-hearted Alice—enthusiastic, concentrated, innocent—the very reflex of the gifted Swedish maiden—for here JENNY LIND has but to draw her inspirations from her own heart—for Alice is the type, morally and physically, of the Swedish Nightingale; and Meyerbeer has but provided notes for the utterance of those pure emotions which she so exquisitely interprets. JENNY LIND's voice is a soprano of wondrous quality and extension—it is bell-like in tone, and possesses that rare quality which the French denominate 'sympathique.' It is full and resonant, and she has the gift of increas-

ing and diminishing its power to a marvellous degree. Her ornaments, unlike those of the Italian school, grow out of the musical text, and, indeed, seem to be a portion of it, so scientifically and truthfully are they introduced, and her shake is the most perfect we have ever heard. So searching are her tones that they reach every cranny of the vast theatre. Her intonation is true and unerring, and the voice ever reflects the passing emotions, while her facility of dramatization and abstraction from every thing foreign to the scene have rarely been equalled, surely never surpassed. Her Alice is a grand embodiment; every passing phasis is truthful as nature itself. One of her ruling charms is the entire absence of stage conventionality; there is no set face for grief or joy; the features are never exaggerated and made to play strange tricks to catch the eyes of the groundlings. As an actress and a vocalist, JENNY LIND is without a compeer; her art is of the highest class—graceful, passionate, and poetical. It strikes the critic not more forcibly than it does those who never heard of the canons of the schools. She is herself alone.

"The appearance of JENNY LIND was hailed with cheers, waving of kerchiefs, and every sort of welcome. Her modest and natural manner won at once the hearts of the audience; and at the close of the first musical phrase, the great artist stood confessed, and the enthusiasm of the public stopped for a considerable time any further proceeding; and vivid as was this first impression, it was increased an hundred fold upon the close of the first stanza of the charming romance 'Va dit elle!' The applause was deafening at its conclusion. In the great scene of the second act, her rendering of the celebrated 'Quand je quitté Normandie,' we thought the very roof would split with the continued acclamations. In the trio which occurs in the same scene, nothing could surpass her vocal and dramatic superiority. The united voice of the house proclaimed her the most extraordinary songstress in Europe. Such was the feverish excitement of the public, and such their concentration on the 'one loved name,' that the great talent by which she was surrounded shrunk into comparative demerit. To be sure, the fine conception and magnificent singing of Herr Staudigl were admired; and the beautiful voice of Gardoni, and the vigorous and resonant tones of Fraschini, and the gentle and elegant Castellan, were severally appreciated; but JENNY LIND was the 'be all and the end all' of the night. At the conclusion of the opera she was thrice summoned forth amidst the wildest enthusiasm, and amongst other ovations was a splendid bouquet, cast by the hands of Majesty at the feet of the true and legitimate Queen of the lyric stage.

"On Thursday Her Majesty and suite again witnessed the performance of *the* LIND. The same enthusiasm prevailed as on Tuesday. The theatre was crowded to the roof."

The Times again says:—

"The impression she produced on her audience on this occasion completely shows how firm a hold she has taken on the public mind. Hers is no transient, flashy success, but the more she is heard the more she is appreciated. Those exquisitely lengthened notes which sound clear as a bell, and then become more and more piano, preserving their musical quality even when they sink to the lightest whisper, always come with fresh power on the hearers; the shake in the subdued voice, so firm, and so delicately warbled away, strikes as something new in vocal art, and when executed last night drew forth the loudest acclamations. In her execution of passages nothing is more delightful than the feeling of confidence with which she inspires her audience. One never feels a moment's doubt about the truth of her intervals, and her utterance of a passage is at once marked by the greatest accuracy and the greatest ease. Her acting gains upon repetition; the more the *minutiæ* are followed out the more perfect they appear. The scene at the cross in the second act is in itself a complete study, so various are the emotions which she introduces. Now it is in mere terror that she flies to the symbol of refuge, now she clings to it with child-like faith and confidence, the feeling regulating her gestures and pervading her song. And throughout she completely preserves the innocent deportment of the simple peasant girl, who, though capable of the greatest energy, always remains to a certain degree unconscious of her own power. The character of *Alice* is really the only interesting one in the book of 'Robert le Diable,' and, as represented by Mlle. JENNY LIND, is a complete personage of feminine goodness.

"The house was crowded to the roof, and Mlle. JENNY LIND appeared three times at the end of the opera, to receive tumultuous plaudits and abundant showers of bouquets."

The Morning Post says:—

"There has been one circumstance of unforeseen good fortune as regards Mlle. LIND—one not announced, and which could not be predicated by those amongst the critics and admirers who had seen her at Frankfort and at Berlin. Within a very few months this admirable vocalist has acquired a vigor of constitution which has made her a *soprano de sforza* in the opinion of the best judges, the volume of her

voice being doubled, so that she can give the loudest expression to those tragical passions she so marvellously portrays. When we first beheld her, her voice, pure, limpid, and silvery as it is now, bore, however, in some degree, proportion to the girlishness of her form. It was the exquisite vocalization, the inspired intellectuality of the singer, which supplied the illusion necessary to the beholders to fill the outline of the part. The flashes of inspiration were lightning flashes, but without any loud explosion of sound. All those who previously beheld her are astonished at the present change; the 'Swedish Nightingale' is no longer as graphic, although still the complimentary *nom de guerre*. It is clear that there are no parts of lyrical tragedy, however massive, which Mlle. LIND may not now undertake. We are happy, however, to find, that previous to undertaking these she is to enact *Adina* and *La Figlia del Regimento*. No parts excite so much sympathy on the part of the audience as the youthful characters of the stage, and this is the reason why we see the old *prime donne* adhering so obstinately to them in spite of the rebuke of every mirror in which they see themselves, and still more in defiance of those mirrors the most unsparing—the eyes of strangers. But it is not in youthfulness of looks that Mlle. LIND surpasses her contemporaries; her silver tones have a juvenile freshness which appears most extraordinary when one thinks of the long, unintermitting, and most trying labor by which she must have acquired the power of extracting from her voice the delineation of each shade of feeling and melody. The exceeding nicety and perfection of these shades, which might without exaggeration be called microscopic, at least as compared to all other singing, is one of the principal reasons why each night the enthusiasm of the audience increases; they are possessed now with the beauty of the details, at first not traceable, after being astonished by the grandeur of the *ensemble*. To this increasing delight on the part of the public, the demonstrations of the highly distinguished and numerous audience of Saturday night bore ample testimony."

On the 13th of May, Mlle. LIND appeared as Amina, in Bellini's "La Sonnambula"—in which character she made quite as great an impression as in Alice. The editor of the Times, in raptures, exclaims:

"On the first night of Mlle. JENNY LIND's appearance in 'Robert le Diable' we thought we had seen the extent to which the excitement of a theatrical audience could go. We find we were mistaken. The enthusiasm produced by her Alice was not to be compared with that which she created last night by her Amina, in 'La Sonnambula.'

"Her very appearance showed that she had taken an original view of the part. The costume and the way of wearing it conveyed a new impression. A simplicity almost to childishness is at once assumed, and it is admirably preserved throughout. The spectator feels that innocence is written in the very aspect of the young creature, and that she is not a being about whom a doubt can be entertained. Venturing as she does into the highest regions of vocalization, she never loses sight of this simplicity of character which gives the tone to all her performance. The air 'Sovra il son' took the audience by storm. The boldness and truth with which she touched her intervals were marvellous; her delicious *pianissimo* thrilled to the heart, while the whole effect was heightened by a dramatic passage executed to perfection. The chiming in of the voices of Mlle. LIND and Gardoni in 'Ah verrei trovar parole' was most delicious, and nothing could exceed those fine full rich notes which are peculiar to the 'Swedish Nightingale,' and which exercise a fascination over an audience almost magical. Those notes of JENNY LIND, so spontaneous, so melodious, so touching, must be heard before a notion of them can be formed. There is nothing to which they can be compared. The charming voice swells through the *arias*, and gives new eloquence to the recitative, and perhaps was never heard with better effect than in the few phrases which preceded 'Son geloso del zephiro amante,' the duet generally omitted, but sung upon this occasion.

"Great anxiety was felt as to how she would render the chamber scene, which affords the grand opportunity for histrionic display. She did it to perfection; still retaining the pristine simplicity of manner, while she infused into the character the most violent heart-rending despair. During the first moments after she had risen from the couch she seemed scarcely to have returned to consciousness. Half-scared at the multitude, she cast round inquiring, wondering glances, in the most natural manner possible. The truth revealed itself to her, but with the knowledge that she was suspected came the full sense of innocence, and the duet, 'D'un pensiero,' was given with a firmness of tone that argued Amina's sense of her own right. The struggle with Elvino, at the conclusion of this *finale*, was given with the resoluteness of one who feels that all happiness depends on the possession of that single object—that if the lover is lost, the whole world is a blank. Nothing could surpass the intensity with which she held him; and when he broke from her struggles, she fell, corpse-like, from exhaustion.

"We describe the actress only. It would be in vain to set forth how

all the emotions of this situation were represented by the vocalist—to indicate the variety of expression given by that wonderful organ. The last scene, in which Amina descends from the window, abounded in new beauties. The mournfulness of manner and tone with which the young girl held the flowers at the *aria*, 'Ah, non credon mirarti,' and the lengthened *pianissimo* passages, in which the voice seemed to fade away through the heart's sorrow, but never lost its exquisite quality, were indescribably touching. 'Ah non giunge' was an inspiration—the sudden exultation of innocence in its own triumph. The voice soared proudly and fully through the charming melody, and the ornaments were executed with a joyous felicity, the impulse causing an oblivion of the difficulties. The curtain fell leaving the audience in a state of sympathizing rapture,—an *encore* was at once demanded, up rose the curtain again, and the *finale* was sung, if possible, more charmingly than before.

"Then came an unprecedented scene of excitement. The pit rose in a body, hats and handkerchiefs waved from every direction, even the fair inhabitants of the boxes taking part in the manifest demonstration of delight. Twice was Mlle. LIND called before the curtain (she had been previously called between two acts,) and she came tripping on with the Amina-like simplicity which she still retained. Never was triumph more complete."

The other great authority, the Morning Post, thus describes the scene:—

"The eagerness to behold Mlle. LIND daily augments—the treat is so rare and refined, that naturally 'the appetite grows with what it feeds upon.' As soon as the doors were opened on Saturday, at one rush the pit and gallery were filled with an overflow, whose backward current was lugubrious to utter despair; whilst many amateurs were too happy to remain where they could not see, but could hear At half-past seven her Majesty, with her Royal Consort, and with his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen Dowager, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, had arrived, and every other box was full; the tenants of each box exceeding in number what we have observed for twenty years past. The appearance of Mlle. LIND amongst us does not resemble the *début* of a celebrated cantatrice amongst auditors who have passed in review, to utter satiety, all the vocal celebrities of Europe: it is as if the secrets of the lyrical art had just been discovered, by an inspired *Diva*, to some nation just awakened to the charms of art.

The sway exercised by this great vocalist arises not singly either from her vocal or her dramatic powers; the source cannot be traced nor the faculties distinguished, nor can any one say to which belongs the just preponderance of talent. In her performance there is a perfect fusion of her resources, physical and intellectual,—a perfect oneness of impression, which creates such illusion, and takes such possession of the mind, that it would appear that the natural expression of all passion was in song mingled with action, and Mlle. LIND only more eloquent and enthusiastic than other mortals. We will not speak of any of her contemporaries; it would be unnecessarily invidious; but, looking back to those who have impersonated *Amina*, how often has not the public applauded some accomplished vocalist, who, in addition to her age being antipathical to all sorts of illusion, treated the whole impersonation as if it were a concerto for the violin executed by the voice—the mazes of notes, flourishes, and embellishments introduced *à tout propos* the right and title of the songstress to applause. Here the public was misled in a great measure by the more rigidly musical critics, the very worst judges of lyrical art, whose all-surpassing charm is its dramatic feeling, its double essence intimately blended. There is another singular proof of misdirection of the public by the *maestri*. The 'Sonnambula' is one of the shortest operas in the *répertoire*—on Saturday it was over by a quarter past ten—still were its just proportions formerly curtailed of a charming duet. This duet is essential to the plot, and we all know that most Italian *libretti* are abundantly silly of themselves, without any attempt being made against the rationality of their development. The duet restored is the natural *finale* of the first act. In it *Elvino* expresses all the jealousy of his character,—'he is jealous of every wind that blows.' This explains all the violence of the outbursts in the subsequent acts. The suppression of this duet must, therefore, remain an enigma; but those who have heard it so charmingly sung, and, moreover, so exquisitely acted, as it was on Saturday, will feel all the Vandalism of the first leader who dared do this injustice to the genius and memory of Bellini. We are at a loss in what point of view to consider the last scena of 'La Sonnambula' as interpreted by Mlle. LIND. It is a physicological study. Not only the looks and movements are those of a sonnambulist, but the singing is that of the dreamy state—internal, addressed to the objects in the dreamy circle of the brain when in the cold ecstasy of the night. The sensation it excites in the spectators is one of deep sympathy, not unallied with the feeling with which are con-

templated powerful phenomena unexplained and bordering on the preternatural. This is idealized with exquisite poetry of feeling by the admirable vocalist—many a painter will, no doubt, reproduce the manner in which she grasps the nosegay, the last pledge of her lover's faith. As she presses the flowers within her hands, with each note falls a leaf, and we feel a pang in anticipation of her sorrow at the destruction of the bouquet when she awakes from her sleep. The violence of the applause, the cheers and shouts at the end of the *introduzione*, do not move the great singer; she makes no acknowledgment, either that she is absorbed, or that with true artistic feeling she will not break the illusion, but her arms remain uplifted, clenching the remains of the nosegay in an attitude of all-surpassing grace. When she awakes, the transition from the dreamy world of spasmodic thought and chequered happiness to the positive reality of lost joys suddenly restored is rendered with a wonderful effect. We have heard that in Germany the simple words, 'Mio Elvino!' which she utters when she discovers her repentant lover kneeling at her feet, excited habitually a frenzy of enthusiasm, nor can we feel astonished. To be insensible to these wonderful details of her impersonation would argue a want of that power of appreciation which should characterize all persons of refined habits. For want of space we will pass over in silence the performance of Gardoni, but every one present was struck with the vigor and spirit, the taste and delicacy, with which he enacted his part. His performance in this opera has been one of his chief triumphs; but he has received a new impulse from JENNY LIND, and we need not add that it contributes greatly to exalt his style of singing as well as of acting."

Again the *Post*:—

"Of all species of genius, the lyrical is surely the greatest magnet. Those who watch the attraction to her Majesty's Theatre will be soon convinced of this assertion. The day before yesterday, before the office doors were opened, a crowd had assembled before them, and in their effort to get first served they broke the glass door. Not only from all parts of the country, but from the Continent, persons are constantly arriving to witness the performances of the great vocalist; nor can they accomplish the object of their journey at once, so difficult is it to obtain a seat of any kind. Fortunate are the subscribers at her Majesty's Theatre. Their privilege is universally envied, and they may obtain any price for their tenancy if not able to attend. The performance last night was characterized by the same fer-

ver as the preceding—if possible more. The vehemence of the plaudits, cheers, shouts, waving of handkerchiefs and hats, was what astonished most at first; what has struck us most since, is the dead silence in which Mademoiselle LIND enthralls her auditors before the applause begins. As any of her notes has an echo, or thrills even as a whisper, one would think the very breathing of the audience hushed—then after the pause comes the explosion. The sensation the fair Swede excites is no wise extraordinary when we reflect that she has all the sweetness of Sontag, with far more vocal power, and all the dramatic energy of the great Malibran, with the advantages over the latter that she never exaggerates feeling, and that her voice, instead of being a beautiful contralto forced into an unequal soprano, is throughout even, round, clear, and bell-toned. As on the preceding nights of the matchless performance of the transcendent queen of song, JENNY LIND, she was summoned before the curtain after the first and second acts, and three times after the third. Showers of crowns and bouquets were thrown as homage to her unequalled histrionic and lyric talents, for she is as great as an actress as a singer."

And again:

"The assemblage last night, boasting of the presence of the Queen and Royal Family, was as numerous as the house could possibly hold; every accessible corner where one could sit or stand was occupied, the persons who could not get access being numerous enough to fill another theatre. To such a degree is the eagerness to behold Mlle. LIND carried, that it has been necessary, on one or two occasions within the last few days, to employ the police to avoid the consequences of the first rush of the crowd when the box-office doors open in the morning. It had always been foreseen that the curiosity to behold Mlle. LIND would be great beyond measure; the reputation of her talent, the daily repeated affirmations that she would not come, and the attempt to prevent her doing so by threats and denunciations, and, still more, her noble and generous conduct, would have sufficiently explained the headlong curiosity on her first arrival. Now, however, that so many thousands have been her auditors, we must seek for some other cause for the daily increase of this anxiety to witness her performances—a gradual increase of enthusiasm, which to the last existed at Vienna as it does here. To say that Mlle. LIND possesses genius as remarkable as her vocal powers, is not sufficient to explain this sensation in countries as wide apart in opinions as in geographical position. To estimate what Mlle. LIND is, we must

compare her with her predecessors and contemporaries on the stage. As to the latter, they cannot afford a comparison—extraordinarily gifted as some are, whether we take those who are in all the vigor of their talents, or those who, still retaining considerable power, are living principally upon reminiscences of youth and public favor—none can be said ever to have possessed what is strictly called genius. As to those true geniuses, Pasta, Malibran, and Sontag, the two first had imperfect voices, whose ruggedness their intellectual power controlled; whilst Sontag, as we have once before observed, had neither the same degree of natural vocal gifts, nor the depth of dramatic science and inspiration of JENNY LIND. Here, therefore, as everywhere she has been, she reigns supreme above all that is seen or remembered of female vocalists,—at all events, in every character in which she has yet appeared; whilst we are told that in *Rosina*, in *Norma*, and in *Donna Anna* she surpasses herself. As regards the second of these parts, we can bear witness to the truth of the assertion. Her triumphs in these, however, cannot exceed that which she once more obtained in the 'Sonnambula' last night. There were no bounds to the enthusiasm of all present—the audience appeared at a loss how to convey sufficiently their feelings of admiration.

"Carlotta Grisi, in her turn, maintained in the ballet her own glory and that of choregraphy, and it requires all her talents to satisfy the public; for at Her Majesty's Theatre, whilst Carlotta dances *Esmeralda*, such dancers as Grahn, Rosati and Cerito remain hidden from the public notice.

"Mlle. LIND was, as usual, called before the curtain after the first and second acts, and three times after the third, amidst the most deafening shouts of bravos, cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and a shower of bouquets, one of which, remarkable for its richness and beauty, was thrown from the royal box, and which JENNY LIND held in her hand during the repeating of the *finale*."

On the 28th, the Queen gave a grand concert at Buckingham Palace, at which Mlle. LIND was the great feature, and received the homage of royalty itself.

Her next appearance at the opera was in the charming part of *Maria* in "La Figlia del Reggimento." Of this the *Post* writes as follows:—

"The *Figlia del Reggimento*, performed by Mlle. JENNY LIND last night, is totally different from *Alice* and *Amina*; it proves once more the possession by the great Swedish vocalist of that versatility which is one of the principal characteristics of genius; for, with vocal powers suf-

ficent, any singer can learn a part by rote, and astonish the audience for many a night. On the other hand, such a part as the great vocal star of her Majesty's Theatre irradiated last night is one which is the strictest test of genius, taken in connection with more serious exertions. We have seen it performed in Paris by the original heroine, and in spite of the reminiscences so dear to all Frenchmen, and so cleverly worked up by that unrivalled librettist, Scribe—in spite of the spirited, characteristic, and descriptive music, 'La Fille du Régiment' was very little short of a failure. In the hands of JENNY LIND this part becomes one of the most perfect impersonations in the *répertoire*. Nothing is vulgar in the order of social life, no more than in that of nature, but what ignorant or unintelligent persons render such. This is abundantly proved by JENNY LIND; her French *vivandière* is at once etherealized and rendered poetical. A suttler girl will no longer be associated with the idea of the coarse habits of the camp by those who have beheld her enact it. Still nothing can be more characteristic and more completely military than her style of acting the part. Her looks, her military manœuvres, and her costume, are equally admirable. Her singing last night was perfect. The auditors were completely enthralled into silence; and when they awoke to the acknowledgment of the great vocalist's exertions, they were obliged to succumb to her strict adherence to the scenic illusion, which prevented her attending to the generality of *encores*, one of which was attempted after each *morceau* she sang. We should be at a loss to assign the superiority to any of these brilliant efforts; perhaps the singing lesson in the second act is the most striking. The music is in imitation of the antiquated style of the old master Caffarello, in which she interpolates her reminiscences of the camp, and such cadences and *fioriture* of her own as neither composer nor soldier ever dreamt of before her time. In the concluding cabaletta she adopted still newer embellishments, in which there existed, as a great *dilettante* expressed it, a species of exquisite ventriloquism, the notes appearing to come from a distance, as if they were the echo of those which the great vocalist had previously uttered. We must be spared the enumeration of the *encores;* the great songstress was recalled after the first, and three times after the last act—the illustrious and august personages present most graciously joining in the applause. The other performers had little to enact and still less to sing; but they supported the heroine admirably."

The *Times* says:—

"Donizetti's comic opera of *La Figlia del Reggimento* was produced at this establishment on last Thursday evening under peculiarly favorable circumstances. It was the day on which the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday was celebrated; a brilliant drawing-room had been held at St. James's; and an inspection of the household troop in St. James's park; all the rank and fashion that the London season assembles were in town, and all eager to witness the first appearance of the fascinating JENNY LIND in her celebrated character of the Vivandiere in the opera we have named. Her Majesty set the example, and appeared, with Prince Albert, attended by their respective suites, in the royal box at an early hour. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and a long list of the *haut noblesse* and English aristocracy were also present. The opera of *La Fille du Regiment* was exceedingly popular in Paris at the Opera Comique, and has been partially familiarized to the London public by having been dramatized at Covent Garden and at the Haymarket theatres. The plot need, therefore, only be briefly related. During the occupation of the Tyrol by the French, a child had been found by Sulpizio (a sergeant in the 11th Regiment), after the battle. The regiment adopt the child, who grows up, becomes a *vivandiere*, or suttler girl to the corps, and obtains the name of the Daughter of the Regiment. In the Tyrol she meets a young peasant (Tonio), who saves her life, and then falls in love with the pretty *vivandiere*, who is equally enamored of the handsome Tyrolese. He asks her in marriage, but the regiment will not give its consent unless the lover enlists with them; this condition he at once accepts, and becomes a soldier in the hope of being united to Maria. But his love is destined to meet a disappointment in the person of the old aristocratic Marchioness de Berkenfeld, who discovers that Maria is her niece, the offspring of the secret marriage of her sister with a French captain. The lady claims her niece, and the regiment is reluctantly compelled to give up its daughter. In the second act, Maria is discovered in the Castle of Berkenfeld, drilled by her aunt into the conventionalities of fashionable life; but still regretting her dear regiment, and her beloved Tonio. The old Sergeant Sulpizio, an inmate of the castle, alone remains to console her, and together they frequently recall the scenes of their campaigning life, and the joyous 'rantanplan' of the 11th. The

marchioness wishes her niece to marry a young duke, but while the negotiations are pending, the 11th Regiment arrive in the vicinity of the castle, the old inspiriting music of the corps awakens all the dormant feelings of the *vivandiere*. The soldiers, under their young colonel, who turns out to be Tonio, take possession of the castle; a joyful recognition takes place between them and their former daughter. Tonio still loves her, and, now possessing military rank, asks her hand of the marchioness, who refuses her consent. Tonio determines, with Maria's consent, to carry her off *vi et armis*, to prevent which the marchioness confesses to Maria that she is her own daughter, a fact that she has hitherto concealed, to avoid the reproach of having made a match so far beneath her rank. Maria, though she might have resisted the commands of her aunt, cannot oppose the will of her mother, and consents in utter despair to wed the duke. The marchioness then perceives that it will break her daughter's heart if she insists upon the match, relents and gives her consent to the marriage of Maria and Tonio. The opera being of a light comic character, and peculiarly French in construction and character, scarcely assimilates with the genius of the Italian lyric drama. It, however, gives an opportunity for the display of those versatile dramatic powers and extraordinaay vocal gift which distinguishes Mdlle. JENNY LIND above all other artists that ever appeared on the stage. Dressed in the becoming costume of the *vivandiere*, her entrance was hailed with reiterated plaudits. There is, we know not what, of *naïvete* and charming playfulness in this character totally different from her manner in Alice and Amina. Her first duet with Sulpizio, 'Ci guida alla gloria,' was exquisitely sung; one of those long sustained notes which she gives forth with such extraordinary sweetness, smoothness, and purity of tone, produced a simultaneous burst of applause. In the marching duet that follows, in which the cheerful 'rantanplan' is introduced, she delighted the audience by her animation and eloquent vocalization. Frederick Lablache was also remarkably successful in this characteristic scene. The regimental air which she subsequently sings was also rapturously applauded. The spirited manner in which she gave the frequently repeated phrase, 'Egli e la,' was amazingly effective. The duet with Tonio (Gardoni) 'A confession si ardente,' was enthusiastically encored; the last verse, 'Quest' anima e rapita,' was perfectly delicious. Maria's parting from the regiment was also charming, from its simple pathos; nothing could possibly better express her feelings of deep sorrow than the aria 'Convien partir,' into which

she threw an indescribable pathos. But the great scene of the opera is in the second act, where her stately aunt compels her to sing an old-fashioned romance, while Sulpizio reminds her of their 'rantanplan,' and the joyous song of the Eleventh, which, despite her endeavors is, continually bursting through the music of the romance, until, tired by the formal air, she flings down the paper and joins in her old military chanson with all her heart. The splendid *fioriture* with which Mdlle. LIND closed her song was the most glorious display of power and brilliancy of execution that can be imagined. The audience were in raptures, and twice she was recalled amidst tremendous applause. In the cavatina 'Deciso e dunque,' the varied expression of which her voice and acting are capable were fully elicited; grief, hope and joyful recollections alternately moved her audience with the passions she portrayed. Gardoni sang very effectively and sweetly in the character of the Tyrolese lover. The complete success of Mdlle. JENNY LIND was testified by her being recalled three times before the curtain at the end of the opera. The national anthem was sung, after the opera, by the whole vocal corps; the house rising, as usual, and presenting the most brilliant and crowded assemblage that we ever witnessed within these walls."

"The chemical philosopher elicits the valuable principle from the coarsest refuse of the ignorant. It is the same with Mlle. LIND. The sort of character which she performs in 'La Figlia del Reggimento' is that which actresses have only rendered interesting by divesting it of all that was delicately feminine. In every masquerade of England or the Continent, upon such a system, the *débardeuse* has been a favorite character with those who have reached the unenviable eminence of defying opinion and of exciting attention by coarse contrasts. La Vivandière of Mlle. LIND, on the contrary, is all feeling, tact, and refinement. It is a practical demonstration of the elevation and poetry which arise from personal distinction of thought and feeling, and which elevates persons of a more exalted nature, whatever the lot which Providence assigns to them. This is the proper function of art—here lies its civilizing and moral influence—that for which we have so constantly contended. Those who may doubt the result of the contrary systems, let them only ask themselves whether the difference must not be *toto cælo* betwixt the sensation of those who have just returned from beholding Polly Peachum, in 'The Beggar's Opera,' and Maria, in 'La Figlia del Reggimento.' And still the former must have been written with a far different intention, for its

author spent a great portion of his life in imagining moral fables, forgetting that the heart-impressive moral is in the drama, and that there, practical and living, it has a hundred-fold effect. We have descanted upon this for once exclusively on Mlle. LIND's acting, for it is far the most important of all her qualifications; and although her voice surpasses all that was ever heard before her time, so exquisite, so nobly impressive, and, in some characters, so truly sublime is her dramatic interpretation, that her voice can only be considered as the vehicle to convey to a duller perception the high intellectuality which distinguishes her conception of scenic impersonation. In 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' once more enacted last night, that intellectuality shines most, from its contrasting with the part she impersonates; a part which, in itself, nowise assists her, but, as in a picture, shadow renders the light more striking. Mlle. LIND was encored in the same pieces last night as on Tuesday, the aria in the first act and the duet with Gardoni being sung with such exquisite finish and perfection that a re-demand was inevitable. In the second act the splendid chain of *solfeggi* and *fioriture* that she lavished upon the audience was executed with such marvellous force and precision that she absolutely electrified the house. The applause that followed was indeed rapturous and genuine.

"That the striking novelty of the sensation produced by JENNY LIND on her first arrival here was not the crowning charm of her performance, is testified by the increased rather than diminished enthusiasm and eagerness with which the subscribers to her Majesty's Theatre and musical votaries in general, in addition to the crowd who follow because fashion leads, attend her performances in characters in which, like 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' she has already appeared several times running. The fact is, that the more we listen to the singing of this exquisite *artiste*, the more we become impressed with its singular and unprecedented perfection; and the more we study her acting, the more its nature and truth are brought home to our bosoms. Like everything true and beautiful, it grows upon us. Her acting presents points so numerous and varied, that we have always something fresh to discover and to admire. It is not in the portraiture of one isolated feeling or passion that she alone excels, but she presents to the spectator the whole individual as it would exist in real life, adding besides, to this marvellous reality of impersonation, the highest degree of ideal beauty. It is amusing to observe those who have only witnessed this wonderful *artiste's* impersonation of one of her parts shake their heads, and doubt the possibility of her performing

well another of a different cast. We have heard those who have seen her only in 'La Figlia del Reggimento' assert that the decided fearless tone and dashing spirit she there assumes was clearly part of her natural character, and that that was the cause of her performing this part so inimitably. Those, on the other hand, who saw her as Alice, were positive that her performance in a comic opera would be detrimental to her reputation, as she was clearly adapted solely for characters of that elevated, grave, yet simple cast; those of the latter class of critics, however, who saw her in 'La Sonnambula,' were considerably puzzled by the evidence of comic genius which she gives, though such trifling scope for it is afforded, in the first act of that opera, and are now completely silenced by her last triumph in Donizetti's *opera buffa*. Indeed, no one of her performances resembles the other; she becomes so completely imbued with the spirit of the character she performs, that everything she does recalls the identity of the part, never that of the actress.

"We have now heard this opera five times, and the oftener we hear it the more we are convinced of the wonderful and varied talents of the charming songstress, JENNY LIND. On Saturday night the air in the first act and the duet with Gardoni were again encored. That astonishing feat in vocalization in the second act, which she attacks with all that fervor and precision for which she is so remarkable, executing a succession of scales, trills, and *broderie* to perfection, brought down such peals of applause, mingled with cheers, that she was recalled three times. In the *finale* she introduced some novel *fioriture* with charming effect,—indeed, she appeared on this occasion almost inspired; and whether it was the appearance of her Most Gracious Majesty, who was accompanied by a brilliant galaxy of foreign Princes, and who is known to be one of her greatest admirers, or the enthusiastic plaudits that followed every time she sang, we never heard her to such advantage. The delight of the audience at the fall of the curtain knew no bounds. Showers upon showers of bouquets were cast at the fair songstress's feet. She was called forth seven times during the evening."

On the 11th of June, Mlle. LIND repeated her great part of Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, which was pronounced even greater than her first representation of that character.

On the 14th, she appeared, for the first time, in the great part of Norma. The anxiety to hear her in this character was intense, as the character had been for several years indisputably consigned to Grisi, who, as the Druidess, reigned without a rival. Many of the warmest

friends and admirers of JENNY LIND feared for her in this trial. The result, however, was a perfect and unqualified triumph. Says the *Morning Post*:

"We have not only to report upon the first appearance of Mlle. JENNY LIND in the character of Norma, but to record a splendid pageant Her Majesty's most gracious and well-timed visit of state is not merely the recognition of the rights of a time-honored institution, and a tribute rendered to exalted genius, but it is, at the same time, a refined mode of exhibiting courtesy and hospitality to our illustrious visitors, agreeable to themselves and triumphant to the nation. In one *coup d'œil* is displayed all the rank, taste, and beauty of the land, and nowhere else is there such an opera—nowhere else such an audience. This kindly visit is specially well-timed, not alone as regards the position of the establishment, and the number of her Majesty's royal guests, but the pageant, it must be borne in mind, gives an impulse to society, and thereby creates an expenditure amongst the industrious tradesmen of the metropolis, of which, at no former period, was there so intense a necessity, for in no previous season did the trade of the metropolis suffer so great a stagnation. From the first announcement of her Majesty's intention of visiting the theatre in state, an excitement has prevailed through all the circles of fashion proportionate to the *éclat* of the ceremonial. As early as three o'clock several hundreds of persons had congregated before the doors, and as the hour of performance neared, the Haymarket became crowded with thousands 'hot with expectation' to gain a sight of their Queen. The windows and balconies from the palace to the theatre were filled with gaily-dressed females. The entire line wore the semblance of a national *fete*. Her Majesty was preceded by a detachment of the Life Guards—the kettle drums and trumpets sounded their inspiring notes upon her Majesty's arrival at the theatre, where she was received with loud cheers and huzzas by the populace. Her Majesty reached the theatre precisely at eight, where she was received by Mr. Lumley, who had the honor of conducting the Queen and her illustrious party to the royal box. The house rose *en masse* on the entrance of her Majesty, and the loud and general welcome lasted for several minutes. Previous to the opera the national anthem was sung by the *troupe*, and the appearance of the theatre during this glorious outburst of enthusiasm was exciting for its moral value, and dazzling from the splendid toilettes and diamonds of the aristocratic tenants of the boxes. When the fervor of royalty was somewhat calmed, the

fine opera of *Norma* commenced; and however numerous and strong of faith were the adherents of Mlle. LIND—however firmly convinced of her lyrical supremacy in characters of *genre*,—still certain small doubts intruded as to her powers of depicting the heroines of tragedy. To be sure, she had acted Alice in *Robert le Diable*, Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Marie in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with a versatility and an excellence unapproachable by any living *prima donna*. All confessed that her voice was pure and resonant—her execution faultless—her intonation unerring—her dramatic power supreme; but yet the small doubt would intrude, despite this rich array of such wondrous means, that her Norma would not reach the excellence of her preceding essays. Indeed, the Norma of Mlle. JENNY LIND was to be the test of her lyrical supremacy. A certain type of the character had been seen, and had been pronounced perfect—the great Pasta had impressed it with her Siddonian spirit, and each subsequent exponent had but to copy the outline, and to graft their peculiar qualifications of voice and style upon the original conception. To successfully delineate the Druid priestess was considered as all-vital: the towering form, the daring manner, the violences of insulted love, the jealous rage, the towering passion, the matronly form, and the exaggerated action and attitudes of a heroine of melodrame. But how it was possible for a slender female, with pale brow and gray eyes, borrowing their beauty but from their deep intelligence, to succeed, was a problem to be solved. What JENNY LIND is in the part of Norma, what influence an artist of real genius exerts on her contemporaries, is readily shown by the total change in the more recent interpretations of the character by those who in this one part were formerly presumed to be supreme and unapproachable. Wherever has been the advent of JENNY LIND, the report of the mode by which she arrives at such surpassing excellence commands a new interpretation of the high-priestess of the Casta Diva. Some painters, like Rembrandt, have elicited their finest effect by deep shadows; others, like Titian, from light and color. It is identical with great vocalists. The style of JENNY LIND is all radiant—she has no defect requiring shadow to conceal; with her all is truthful proportion and exquisite harmony of coloring; there is an utter absence of tameness in spite of the sobriety of ornament, for, however subdued, there is every infinite depth of tone. To feel fully what she last night achieved in Norma, it must be remembered, what all know and nearly all forget, that in the lyrical art there are two elements equally essential

—the dramatic and the vocal. The dramatic does not consist in action alone, but in propriety of accent, oneness of design, with truthfulness in development of conflicting passions, and, above all, that the effect produced, though it be deeply studied, should appear as spontaneous inspiration. Taken separately, and supposing that JENNY LIND should merely enact Norma, divesting it of its passionate music, there is a breadth and purity of conception, a feminine delicacy, and a lofty intellectuality breathed by her genius into the merely dramatic form, which would render it worthy the study of the greatest actor that ever trod the stage. There is nothing lost—nor pause, nor opportunity of mute action—the varying phases created by the emotions of the scene are reflected in her speaking features as in a mirror. The Norma of JENNY LIND is instinct with high thought, feminine feelings, and concentrated passion—not the wild animal passion of the southern woman seeking vengeance and destroying all in its path, like the outpouring of the burning lava of her native volcano, but the passion which is created by the crushed hope, and the infidelity, and the base wrong inflicted by a worthless but still loved object. The abiding charm of JENNY LIND'S Norma is its feminine spirit, and this is developed so truthfully that we rather sympathize than wonder—every trait is given with such natural truth, and with so great earnestness, that we forget the actress in the sorrows of the woman. It must be remembered that Norma has already forfeited her self-esteem—that, though holding the office of the chief Druid Priestess, she has forfeited her high estate, and is a guilty thing, simulating virtue; the public knowledge of its loss will consign her to a death of infamy—the maternal feelings alone bind her to immortality, for she is already dead in sin. This thought is the key-note to the character. The dignified step, the high clear brow, have departed with her guilty love for the Roman Pollione; his love and affection for her offspring are the support of her otherwise hateful existence —her life is a cheat, and when the assurance of love leaves her, she has nothing to save her from utter wreck—she is heart-crushed. JENNY LIND'S reading is, we are sure, the right one; and hence, in lieu of the rage and the overwhelming fury, and the panther-like tearing of the victim, we have the withering scorn, and the outraged dignity, and the double ruin. Pollione must die, but Norma offers herself up as a victim to the offended law. Upon the first entrance on the scene, JENNY LIND was greeted with great fervor. The dress and gait struck the audience as something widely differing from those to which they had for many, many

seasons been accustomed on this stage. Nothing have we ever witnessed finer than her acting on the first learning the baseness of Pollione. The sudden rigidity of the muscles of the face, the compressed lips, the stare of semi-incredulity, and the nervous action of the eye, were all marvellous in their very truth; and when she suddenly covers her face with her hands to conceal the burning agony of her wounded faith, and then raises her arms in the desperation of her ruin, the face suddenly assuming the aspect of a marble statue, we felt that the very genius of the lyric art stood embodied before us. Again, in the trio, 'Vanne si; mi lascia, indegno,' her fragile frame seemed to enlarge with the powerful emotion—then her faltering step and physical suffering gave us the feeling of pain, until roused by the sight of Pollione forcing the abduction of Adalgisa, she suddenly bounds between and literally tears them asunder, commanding the betrayer, with action of mingled dignity and withering scorn, to leave his victims. The applause, we need scarcely add, was enthusiastic, and JENNY LIND was again called forth. Amongst the innumerable beauties of the second act may be cited as most remarkable the scene in which she contemplates the murder of her children, the duet with Pollione, 'In mia mano alfin tu sei,' and the final trio, 'Qual cor tradisti.' Those scenes were characterized by the same dramatic and vocal truth, but to analyze them severally would take a larger space than we can at this moment spare, but we shall advert to them again and again."

The Times says:

"The stamp of royal appreciation was given to the wondrous JENNY LIND on Tuesday evening, when her Majesty, having commanded the performance, proceeded in state, as is usual on such occasions, to the theatre. This being the Queen's first ceremonial visit to any theatre this season, and also the first appearance of Mdlle. LIND in the opera of *Norma*, no event—not excepting the *debut* of this distinguished vocalist—has created such a sensation amongst the fashionable and musical world for a length of time. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Albert, dressed in a field marshal's uniform, appeared in the royal box attended by a brilliant suite, precisely at eight o'clock. The box was fitted up with crimson velvet hangings trimmed with gold, and on a crimson stage or platform in front two yeomen of the guards, with battle-axes, stood at the right and left of the box. On her Majesty's entrance the National Anthem was commenced and the audience rising, presented the most brilliant scene that can be conceived. The number of foreign

princes and ambassadors, covered with superb orders and decorations; the splendid military and court costumes, and the quantity of diamonds worn by the ladies, filled the boxes on the grand tier literally with a blaze of splendor. Her Majesty's reception on her entrance was most enthusiastic; and at the conclusion of the anthem, the acclamations were renewed, and were graciously acknowledged by the Queen. The character of Norma has hitherto been considered to belong exclusively to Madame Grisi, whose powerful delineation of the proud Druidic priestess rendered the assumption of the part by another artiste a most daring attempt. But though we have been accustomed to see and admire Grisi's Norma, until admiration has almost become faith in her great personation, there cannot be a question that the character has two distinct and striking phases. Norma the haughty priestess—terrible in her wrath and resentment—is opposed by Norma the pure woman, full of love, pity, and maternal tenderness. These conflicting traits are, however, so blended and interwoven in the character, that the difficulty to the *artiste* lies in giving to each its proper degree of force and intensity. The physical and mental peculiarities of Grisi adapt her for the delineation of strong animal passion, while the truthfulness and natural sensibility of JENNY LIND fit her for the development of spiritual grace and feminine feeling. It may, therefore, be easily conceived how the fierceness and tenderness of the character are divided by these two artists—to Grisi belongs the dark, and to JENNY LIND the bright side of the picture. In Norma's first scene there was a degree of nervousness apparent in Mdlle. LIND's voice, which, however, gradually disappeared, and she gave the last line of the recitative—

'Pace v'intimo—e il sacro vischio io meto'—

with extraordinary power and sweetness. In the sustained note upon '*Pace*' her clear silvery voice poured in a stream of the purest melody upon the ears of her enraptured auditors. The celebrated 'Casta Diva' was a totally different reading from that of Grisi, the awful majesty of the inspired priestess being less obvious than the tenderness of the woman; this latter feeling, however, obtained for Mdlle. LIND a decided triumph in the *cabbaletta*, 'Ah bello a me ritorno,' in which she was applauded to the echo, and recalled by general acclamation at its conclusion. The tone of compassionating sympathy that she threw into the exclamation, 'Ahi sventura,' when Adelgisa confesses to her that she loves, has never been surpassed on the stage; and if her reproaches of Pollione were not

so fiercely passionate, and her action so physically terrible as Grisi's, there was in her conception of the entire scene a deeper and more profound expression of despair than the former ever gave us an idea of. Her dismissal of Pollione was finely acted, and her attitude, when she interposes to prevent him from drawing away Adelgisa, struck every one who beheld it by its extraordinary classic taste and dramatic propriety. It is in the second act, however, that Mdlle. LIND's peculiar qualities as an actress and a singer place her above her great competitor in the part. The tenderness of the mother struggling with the feelings of the wronged woman were developed by her with exquisite truth and natural feeling. Nothing could be more beautifully touching than her reconciliation with Adelgisa, in which scene occurs the popular duet, 'Si fino al 'ore,' so charmingly sung that she was enthusiastically called for at its conclusion. In the two last scenes she achieved the crowning success of the night. Her agitation when Pollione is brought before the assembled priests in the temple, her returning love and tenderness, her forgetfulness of her wrongs, and her resolve to save her lover, if he will swear never more to see Adelgisa, revealed to us new and beautiful traits in Norma's character. The whispered eagerness with which she pronounced the words, 'Giura, giura!' and her half-uttered threat to sacrifice her children if he refuses, were amongst the finest points in the opera. Her last scene, when, self-condemned, she is about to die with Pollione, was tragedy of the highest order. The intense agony of the mother, kneeling at her father's feet, and imploring him to protect her children, can only be spoken of in terms of the highest admiration. The applause at the fall of the curtain was tremendous, and obedient to a general call, Mdlle. LIND made her appearance before the curtain with the other performers in the opera. In a moment the stage was covered with bouquets, and the successful vocalist retired laden with floral honors. But this appearance did not suffice for the enthusiastic audience, who insisted on having her before the curtain *four* times."

The following is the judgment of the *Musical World*:—

"All was now hushed silence and expectation for JENNY LIND, and hundreds who came to doubt remained to applaud. We have ever eschewed comparison in matters of art; two pictures may be painted of the same subject, totally opposed in conception and development, and yet be masterpieces. The illustrations of the Holy Family of Rafael and Murillo, though both deemed the loftiest inspirations of pictorial art, are, in drawing, and coloring, and grouping, as antagonistic as light and

darkness—each have their own peculiar points of greatness, each their several admirers. And thus is it with the Norma of JENNY LIND and Madame Grisi; the style of the former has all the depth of sentiment, the inner meaning, the feminine sensibility, the deep concentration, the moral beauty of the Northern poesy; the latter has the fell determination, the iron spirit, the hot excitement, the desolating power, and the terrible grandeur of the sunny South. JENNY LIND is the betrayed and heart-crushed woman; Grisi, the jealous mistress, panting for vengeance for her wrongs. JENNY LIND is more truthful and touching; Grisi more queenlike and effective. We sympathise with LIND; we wonder with Grisi. With the fair Swede, we perceive the breaking up of the frozen lake, and its loosened waters; with the dark Italian, we tremble at the overflowing of the burning lava. Both are terrible; but the terror is produced by different means. We are awe-stricken and oppressed by Grisi; we are softened into womanish tears by LIND. When the startling fact is revealed to the Italian Norma of the infidelity of the Roman cur Pollione, the flashing eye, and the swelling form, reflect the fiery sense of wrong, and the abused priestess writhes with the agony of insulted love and woman's pride; the Swedish Norma is literally crushed, buries her face in her hands to conceal her grief, and her quick sense reveals to her the quick visiting of the punishment, for vows disregarded, and the debasement of her holy office. 'Vengeance and blood!' shouts the Italian; 'Ruin!—misery!' groans the Swede. The study and working out dramatic character depend mainly on the temperament and idiosyncracy of the artist. The violent will conceive it violently, the gentle gently. The great point is the exercise of judgment, that the conception be built on the general features of the poet's creation, and that the various parts not only assimilate but unite. This is the keystone of the dramatic and lyrical art, and in this consists very greatly the supremacy of JENNY LIND. Every shade of feeling and expression is the result of deep reflection, aided by the sense of a natural propriety; and it is this close and intimate union which imparts that irresistible charm to JENNY LIND which has chained Germany and England to her triumphal car. The ingenuousness and fine simplicity, and the facility of executing the most intricate vocal embroidery, the never, even in the most daring flights, wandering out of the key, a fault too frequently indulged by almost all the great Italian singers, are means that render any end attainable. We feel that we are unable, upon one audition of so difficult a character as Norma, to enter fully into its

several merits. We shall seek another opportunity of analysing it; yet we may at once affirm that, although differing entirely from the delineation of preceding artists, it is truly admirable. When JENNY LIND entered first upon the scene, the difference of costume, and the difference of physical appearance, struck the audience as a novelty. There was little of the inspiration of the Druid priestess—instead of the usual stately gait, and proud demeanor, there was more of nun-like repose—and it was with a faltering and unsteady step that she ascended the sacred stone. The enunciation of the opening words, 'Sediziose voce,' was more tremulous than steady, and it was only when she had reached the eloquent 'Io nei volumi arcani leggo del cielo,' that the shrinking form dilated, and she became the inspired Pythoness. The 'Casta Diva' assumed the air of a divine hymn, so beautifully and so holily was it rendered. The arms and head were upraised, and the entire frame became transfigured. JENNY LIND sings this in the original key of F; Grisi has uniformly transposed it to E flat. The florid rondo, 'Ah! bello a me rittoana,' was given with great purity and power. At the conclusion of this scena, the recall was vehement as it was unanimous, the Queen and Prince Albert joining in the demonstration. In the scena in which Adelgisa confides to Norma the secret of her love for the Roman soldier, JENNY LIND was exquisite in her tenderness; the utterance, in almost a whisper, of 'Oh! rimembranza!' was full of the deepest and most thrilling expression. The womanly affection exhibited to the love-lorn Adelgisa, when, in a gush of sympathy, she embraced her, was one of the most charming traits in the picture. In this duet a cadence was introduced, perfectly astonishing for novelty of construction, and beauty of effect. But when she ascertains that it is the father of her children that is seeking to corrupt her friend, the sudden rigidity of the limbs, and the deathly pallor of the countenance, were more truly appalling than the most outrageous demonstration of melodramatic rage; and, in the subsequent trio, 'Oh, di qual sei tu vittama,' in lieu of the overwhelming wrath and the fiery passion of preceding artists, the frame seemed to lose its power, the body rocked to and fro, like a tempest-tossed bark, the limbs were palsied, and the tottering gait and the reddened eye, all betokened the tearing asunder the very fibres of her being; hope had departed, life was as the arid desert, hopeless and springless. Yet when Pollio, regardless of her agony, and flushed with insensate passion, clasped the trembling form of Adelgisa, to bear her away, she bounded like the wounded tigress on her assailant,

and severed them at once; and the death warning, 'Suon di Morte!' was given with a painful hoarseness that seemed as though the heart's blood were welling up into the throat, and impeding the utterance—the voice was lost in the fearful conflict, and it was only by the 'action eloquent,' that the Druid priestess was enabled to express the deep vengeance, and the utter ruin of the traitor. The audience were excited to the utmost, and JENNY LIND was rapturously summoned forth amidst the cheers of the audience.

"One of the grand points of the second act, but which had hitherto been slightly considered, as it is not strongly impressed by the composer, was the scene in which Norma, distracted with her great suffering, enters with the dagger to murder the objects of her illicit passion. It is a scene rather for the great tragedian than the vocalist. The soliloquy, 'Dormono entrambi,' was wondrously rendered. There was the all-absorbing intensity of Rachel—the unsteady hand, the flickering light of the eye, and the hurried approach to the couch where lie the sleeping infants—the sudden retrogression, and the ultimate burst of pity, softening the maternal heart—and the shrieking out of the 'Ah! no—they are mine! my children!' may be classed amongst those memories which fondly linger over the Lady Macbeth of Siddons and the Medea of Pasta. The celebrated duet, 'Deh! con te li prendi,' afforded admirable opportunity for the exhibition of the marvels of mere vocalization. The last scene, in which she summons Oroveso and the Druids, was specially admirable. The final interview with Pollione, her shrinking dignity, and the undying love expressed in the enunciation of 'E non piu ti rivedro,' and the confession of her crime, and the dying cadence of the 'Son io!' were each and all so many living attestations of true genius. The last appeal to her father not to suffer her innocent babes to suffer for her crimes, to 'remember that his own blood in them flows,' was fraught with tenderness and most touching pathos. When dragged to the pile, still doth she cling to the robe of Oroveso, and, with her latest breath, suffocatingly implores his benediction for herself and guardianship of her children, the filial and maternal feeling conquering the fear of death!

"The stillness of the house was intense, but as the curtain fell on the victim, the enthusiasm burst forth. The audience rose as one body, and shouted for the Norma, who was forced to appear four times amidst the cheers of the entire audience, the Queen and Prince Consort joining with hearty enthusiasm in the triumph. The national anthem was

again repeated, and the greetings of the public by her Majesty gracefully acknowledged. At the end of the divertissement, the Queen left the theatre, amidst the huzzas of her loyal subjects."

The *Morning Herald* has the following:

"To compare this great singer to Giula Grisi, in the part of Norma, would be to do an act of injustice to each *artiste*. Of its class Grisi's is a noble and symmetrical realization: of its class JENNY LIND's representation of the betrayed mother is equally noble and equally symmetrical. The one hurries the audience along with her by the very vehemence of her action; the other wiles it along, and as she goes wrings its large heart, until, as the lady in the play says, 'It cannot choose but weep.' Those who would look on without sympathy at Grisi's ideal of woman's suffering and man's wrong, because she seems so 'well able to take her own part,' cannot sit in patience while JENNY LIND impersonates the injury and the woe of the character, but are actually impelled to step forward in vindication of the hapless, ruined ministrant of the altar. Truthful tenderness is the characteristic of her performance. She infuses a feeling of feminine gentleness into the whole of the character; her wrongs and her sufferings go at once to the heart; men feel for her, and with her, and their deep indignation is excited at the baseness of Pollio. Not so, however, with her rival in this realm of art. There is nothing tender about the impersonation of Norma by Grisi. The feeling excited is one of wonder at her stupendous powers, and perhaps of commiseration for Pollio; but she never evokes any gentler feeling until the last scene, and even then men generally sympathize more with her sire Oroveso. She is throughout the haughty, unbending, passionate being; but unquestionably not the injured woman.

"One of the aspects of the character presented by JENNY LIND is that which at the first blush is least likely to be appreciated by the public, because of its profound truthfulness. She does not affect the dignity of virtue which, in one situated as Norma, is but hypocrisy or hardened guilt. On the contrary, she enters with the faltering step of a conscience-stricken woman, who knows that any moment the merest accident may lead to a discovery which will consign her to death and infamy. She loathes the hypocritical seeming which she is forced to assume; from the very first it is evident that her heart is crushed, and that death would be to her a crowning mercy. This is her key-note to the character; and that her conception of it is the right one, is almost established from the manner in which many of the points tell. At all

events it is a truly feminine conception; and as such is full of deep significance and profound power. This, perhaps, was more obvious in her opening scene—the *aria d'intrata* of the character, than in any other portion of the opera. The Casta Diva, for instance, which she sung in the original key of F, but which Grisi has always transposed, to suit her view of the part, to E flat, became, in her version, a lofty hymn in reality. The long drawn notes, dying away in the distance, and again swelling into a flood of gushing music, were wonderful. It was like the invocation of a Magdalen; and as, with upraised arms and eyes raised to Heaven, she stood under the old oak in the attitude of supplication, she seemed a vocal embodiment of that most pure creation of Correggio's pencil. Her acting in this scene was beautiful for its truth; for truth is beauty. Not less truthful nor less beautiful was her execution of the duo with Adalgisa, when she first discovers the Roman's perfidy,

'Ah si fa core! Abbracciami!'

It was, indeed, the perfection of singing—profound, skillful and full of feeling. The acting also in this scene was wondrous; she stood rigidly fixed, as one petrified by horror and surprise. At first her eye alone quivered; anon the muscles of her face gradually relaxed; and then in an agony of passion she covered her face with her hands, and raising her arms, with fixed features, pale as death, she stood a statue of despair. The next great point made by her was in the scene with Pollio and Adalgisa. Here her acting was superb. Her whole frame seemed to dilate as she rushed between and separated them; and the manner in which she commanded Pollio to go was the very perfection of dignity and scorn.

'Vanne si; mi lascia, indegno.'

Equally extraordinary for grace and power were her singing and acting in the scene where, wrought up almost to madness, she contemplates the murder of her children. It is the first of the second act. 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' says Burke; and it is well known in medical jurisprudence that mothers have slain their own offspring from the very intensity of the love they bore them. This was the aspect given of this scene by JENNY LIND; and a more tender, a more touching, and a more beautiful realization of the fact or the fiction—as the case may be—is not within the compass of possibility to imagine. The execution of the other pieces which supervene in this act, by this consummate singer and

transcendent actress, was beyond all praise—always bearing in mind that they were rendered in a novel manner, and as musical and dramatic incidents expressed in a mode altogether different from that to which the public has been so long accustomed.

"It boots not to dwell upon each particular phase of expression—each new grace—each fresh charm that she developed and illustrated vocally and histrionically; but the duo with Pollio, at the conclusion of the second act, 'In mia mano alfin tu sei,' was so exquisitely given as to call for special notice. There was a pathos infused into every note of this impassioned address which went at once to the heart, and made captive, as it were, the imagination of every person who heard it. The same must also be said of that 'most musical, most melancholy' portion of the score, in which her 'day done' and her night coming on, she supplicates no longer for herself, but for her helpless and orphaned children. This final appeal to her stern sire's compassion was the very perfection of intense womanly woe.

"'Comparisons are odious,' and should not, therefore, be essayed oftener than is necessary; but haply, in coming to a conclusion on the positive merits of the *artiste* in this character, there is no need of them. It was said of Milton, comparing him with the fathers of Greek and Latin poetry, that he was 'only not the greatest because he was not the first, in point of time.' So it is with JENNY LIND. Her Norma is 'only not *the* greatest that has ever been seen, because she is not the first' who has impersonated the character. But everything human is multilateral; and although her impersonation of the part is essentially different from that of Pasta and Grisi, there will always be ample room for the two styles of representing that part."

Mlle. LIND continued to repeat Norma many nights—every night giving rise to increased enthusiasm, and witnessing the Queen and the royal party, rapt subjects of the syren's enchantments. On every side the critics continued to exhaust the power of language and of analysis in eulogizing it. The mind of the public had been filled with a conventional portrait of Norma, the Druidess,—a die had been cast from the supposed only original, and, whether in brass or in lead, the counterpart had circulated far and wide, until it was deemed the only sterling representative. The original was the great Pasta, who was not only intoxicated by the reading of her Medea, but controlled by her nature. 'Low of stature and bulky in form, with a voice only mastered by her genius, she naturally set up a type in which the physical element was the most

developed. The most celebrated of those who have perpetuated the character were amongst the Adelgisas of the original Norma, who deemed they could best imitate her because they resembled her in physical conformation, until at last it was deemed as absurd for a *prima donna* of slender form to delineate the part as for light horse to do the duty of cuirassiers. With Mlle. JENNY LIND these false notions vanished. Her performance of Norma is not only greatly superior to any other character she has portrayed, but it forms an epoch in lyrical art. It is the triumph of mind over matter; it has extended the domain of true genius, exhibiting its attributes and stretch of power in its vast versatility, which is its distinguishing characteristic. The truth is that whilst vocalists of heavy figures, even when endowed with original genius, are, or by common sense and good taste should be, restrained to certain parts fitting their outward structure, a slender form can be magnified at will by the mental development of the artist. Many sound critics consider that if physical peculiarities were to be attended to, and singers made subject to a certain imaginary but rigid identity, the person of Mlle. JENNY LIND would be a far more probable resemblance of the druidical denizens of our country than any of the dark-haired *prime donne* of southern climes. What exhibits the admirable fidelity of Mlle. JENNY LIND'S portraiture —what proves that the public mind was hitherto possessed by the false and arbitrary representation of the several vocalists, and not by the character such as it is written—a reference to the libretto will prove. Norma, instead of being a Medea, or resembling any other fabled virago, is a being in whom the gentler feelings of woman always overcome every incipient darker passion with an instant returning tide of generosity; for not only can she not summon the necessary courage to murder her children, or to kill her betrayer, but she pardons her rival, and dies rather than sacrifice her. At the moment of death, every faculty is bent, not on the sufferings she is about to endure, but in prayer to her father for the protection of her offspring. There is one proof of the truthfulness of JENNY LIND'S conception—a most striking one—all feel a deep and absorbing interest for the erring priestess. Mlle. JENNY LIND surpasses all who have preceded her, for, even supposing her to be deprived of voice and speech, the painter, the sculptor, and the actor would be rewarded and instructed by the variety and beauty of her poses, and the wonderful expression of her countenance. Malibran studied mute action amongst the deaf and dumb to acquire impressive pantomime; and we have heard her say, the greatest compliment she ever received was from

a great painter, who was deeply prejudiced against vocal expression, and who, on seeing her act, exclaimed, "What a misfortune such an actress can sing!" Still, how immeasurably superior is Mlle. LIND in dramatic action alone; from first to last she keeps the eye fixed and entranced. Even in the slightest minutiæ she discovers sources of deep effect, as, for example, in the use of her mantle. * This useless and, we might add, inconvenient appendage to most actresses, which it was the pride of Talma and Duchesnois, of John Kemble and Siddons, to wear with ease and dignity, with the Swedish vocalist acquires an eloquence of its own —whether she wraps it closely around her form in passing moments of stern revenge, throws it forward in her malediction, or covers her head in its folds when she finds that human features no longer suffice to express the intensity of accumulated anguish. Her attitudes, whether those of repose or those of intense action, are equally impressive—her dramatic genius never sleeps. There are pauses, but no void—the impulse is constant and continuous. Whenever there occurs an interval, whether at the fall of the curtain or the closing of a scene, she remains in an exquisite attitude, looking like a classical study of an antique statue, but one like that fabled of the Greek sculptor, so perfect and so true to nature that it became suddenly endued with life. It would be difficult to single out a scene in which she is more effective than in any other. For silent action, however, that in which Norma attempts the life of her children is most remarkable. Her look and attitude when she enters and drops on the seat, reclining on the table, speak volumes—when at the edge of the couch where her children repose, and she seeks to "screw her courage to the sticking place," to the commission of the deed, there is such a display of soul-stirring dramatic action—so new, so original, so deeply conceived—as we never beheld in any preceding actor or actress. Thus much for the dramatic development of the character—the single point on which there had existed any sort of question relative to the supremacy of Mlle. LIND. In the vocal portions no other singer can be compared with her. One who could impart such impressive power and volume, not only to Alice, Amina, and to La Figlia del Reggimento, must most naturally in Norma find the requisite field for her vast resources. Her voice in its sweetest tones penetrates the entire house—we hear as distinctly the long-sustained note of her first recitative when we enter the vestibule as we hear it in the pit. Her voice interprets all her emotions—the slightest as the weakest—and conveys them at once from

the ear to the feelings, each note creating the desire to hear more, for in each there is mind, passion, and melody.

It was here, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in the production of "I Masnierdi," that the lyric drama reached the highest point it has ever attained in the world. A new opera, written expressly for the establishment by the greatest composer that could be secured, with a cast made up of artists of the highest fame, with JENNY LIND at the head and Lablache performing almost the smallest part in the opera—what more could be desired or achieved?

The regular subscription season closed with Sonnambula, on the 3d of August—but the performances were continued, in obedience to the pressing desire of the public, with unabated success and enthusiasm for upward of a fortnight longer.

The extra or post season was, however, remarkable for an event in the career of JENNY LIND, which must not be passed over in silence—the production of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," in which Mlle. LIND sustained the part of Susanna, and played it to perfection.

We have thus followed JENNY LIND through her first season in England, and have only to say that her career has since been marked by the same uninterrupted series of triumphs, wherever she has appeared. She has, since she left England, constantly sought retirement, apparently having achieved enough to gratify her desires and her ambition. But the eager public of this age will not suffer talents such as hers to slumber in obscurity; and she has been absolutely compelled to appear at various places on the continent. One royal listener sent her, as a token of his admiration, a golden goblet filled with ants' eggs—*the food of nightingales:* another, as she made her appearance before the audience, caused a pair of beautiful white doves to be set free, which fluttered to her feet, bearing a garland of flowers entwined with rubies, emeralds and diamonds; while the Queen of England herself presented the fair songstress with a superb nightingale, manufactured entirely of precious gems, which she wore in her hair and acknowledged with a graceful smile and a happy gesture toward the royal box.

We come now to speak of this great and extraordinary artist in the concert room, away from the mean shams and garish hypocrisies, the coarse associations and dismal discomforts of the stage. At these she has always in her inmost soul revolted; and she has given her solemn conviction to the gentleman who conducted the negotiation between her and Mr Barnum for her visit to America, that she is greatly more at home

and in her proper sphere, in the concert room than on the stage. It was strictly in obedience to her own earnest desire that the stipulation respecting her not appearing in opera in this country, was inserted; and when the reader has perused the accounts of her concerts in Norwich, (which were but a counterpart to others she gave in Europe,) he will be disposed to acquiesce in her decision.

After her arduous London season, Mlle. LIND sought a few months of repose; and it was not until the 22d and 23d of January that she commenced at Norwich a round of concerts in the principal cities of England. These concerts, as will be seen, were for the charitable purpose of raising a permanent fund for the benefit of the poor in Norwich, and to which Mlle. LIND generously contributed her services gratuitously. We make no apology for transcribing the following most interesting account of the affair from the leading journal of Norwich:

"The progression of an art, which has now for years been gradualty not only winning its way, but securing its place among the amusements and habits of the English nation, so frequently affords us splendid examples for comparison and for record, that it becomes somewhat difficult to describe the peculiar beauties of these fine concentrations, although it is impossible not to feel and estimate the influence they have upon the public taste, their moral results upon society, and the happiness which a sedulous cultivation of the fine arts must have upon a people. No argument happily is now needed to prove their humanizing power, and it therefore remains to enforce its effects by the wholesome repetition of its most beautiful examples. The results can only be an enduring confirmation of principles, and an extension of their beneficial effects.

"We have already related the origin of these Concerts to have been the desire of Mlle. LIND to recompense the city for her inevitable absence at the Festival, by the offer of her gratuitous services for a Concert, at which a fund might be raised for the substantial and lasting benefit of the poor of Norwich. Such an offer of itself was without precedent, and it was enhanced by the substitution of two in lieu of one Concert, from the benevolent feeling that the admission should not be extravagant, but such as would enable a larger number to partake in the gratification. The time having been fixed by the donor, and Mr. E. Wodehouse, as Chairman of the Musical Festival Committee, Mr. Buck, and an Amateur selected by Mlle. LIND, to name a Committee, that body was appointed to consist of the following gentlemen:—The Mayor, Chairman; Mr. Wodehouse, M.P., Mr. Bacon, Mr. Barwell,

Mr. Buck, Mr. J. G. Johnson, Mr. W. Matchett, and Mr. G. E. Simpson. At the first meeting, Mr. J. Barwell was appointed Honorary Secretary, and Mr. J. Barwell, Jun., Assistant Honorary Secretary; and in consequence of Mlle. LIND's express wishes, Mr. Benedict was named Conductor and requested to attend the Committee in Norwich, to make arrangements for the Concerts. That gentleman obeyed the summons with promptitude; and the basis of the scheme of those Concerts, which have during the week been the admiration of those who had the good fortune to be present, was formed. Mlle. LIND having given her sanction to the arrangements, the Committee determined to engage Signor Marras, who has deserved celebrity as a most finished concert tenor singer, and Signor Belletti, a bass, who has taken a high position in this country, and whose talent, zeal, and love of his art, will place him in the highest walk. The latter vocalist is a personal friend of the great Cantatrice, who takes great interest in his success. After a debut in Italy, he was for several years a singing master of high estimation in Stockholm, and we have no doubt a few years will place him in an enviable position in his art in England. An amateur in conversation with him on the morning of the concert said, why do you not sing English—why not engraft your Italian warmth of feeling on our severity and purity of style, the same as Mlle. LIND has done—it is within your grasp. The answer was with much fire and feeling—'I shall do it.'

"It would be valueless as well as tedious to detail each piece, because there was so great diversity of style, still our remarks may be directed more advantageously to the general features of the whole, and the particular great points of some, rather than to what would be the sure recapitulation of the beauties of each.

"Whether it is Bellini's 'Qui la voce,' where the most refined sentiments of love are called forth, the most painful recollections are required, or in the lighter or more florid compositions of Rossini—whether it be in the exquisite air, 'With verdure clad,' abounding as it does in poetry, expression, style, and requiring purity of intonation—in the facility and genuine humor of 'Con pazienza'—or the still more wondrous trio with the flutes—where the most perfect assimilation of tone is combined with a facility unrivalled, a sentiment perfect—and a mastery over the organ almost beyond belief—whether in any one or all of those compositions, each is equally perfect according to its style. In the trio, 'Crudel momento,' without accompaniment, the complete consent, the accuracy of pitch, never varying in the slightest, and her extraordinary

power over her voice, presented one of the most refined enjoyments of the evening, and its encore was an equally deserved compliment to the gentlemen. As to The LIND herself, nothing could be finer. Another, and no less extraordinary instance of success was displayed by the manner in which The LIND, on being encored in the comic duet immediately on her return to the orchestra, burst forth, amid the applause, without the band, with a roulade, to the no slight astonishment of the audience, but evidently with no little pleasure to herself, agreeing to the pitch and in the key, no slight proof of genius. These remarks are, it is true, but general. But how is it possible to do other than generalize, when each succeeding song is but a repetition of previous but greater triumphs in art—each exhibiting

'New force and new delights,'

until the audience becomes wrapt in wondrous bewilderment—while the increasing freshness of her organ (for it is another curious attribute of her nature, that labor only brightens and refreshes her natural powers of voice, instead of lessening its brilliancy) brings with it the additional charm which such a power imparts. Well may the audience exclaim, in the words of Weber's quartetto, 'Raise the shout of welcome—Grief has fled—The glad heart beats with joy—The happy moment is unequalled.'

"We have already spoken of the great sacred effort of the morning, 'Hear ye Israel'—to which as if in purposed contrast, 'Di Piacer' was equal. How different, yet how similar, for each, although sang, and particularly the cavatina, by the greatest artists, presented a freshness of imagination that was startling. Di Piacer has been claimed by every great soprano, and each have, according to their peculiar powers of mind and their readings, made it their own. The LIND varied it but little; she did scarcely anything more than the composer had written, yet how exquisite, how buoyant with hope was the expression throughout—how brilliant the coruscations of ornament with which it was lighted up, yet every one was in the best taste and keeping with the expression. How unutterably trusting was her expression of 'Confido in te,' and in her appeal to the God of Love, with what a joyous burst she broke forth at the hope of the prospect of brightness and content. Nothing could be more elegant than the ornamenting of the last passage by triplets. Indeed, no sooner does one beauty arise than a thousand others are recalled, until we are fain to exclaim, in her own words, 'Ah bramar di piu non

so.' 'Oh what more can I desire.' And yet we can scarcely pass by the exquisite tenderness, pathos, and power of Mozart's famous song from Il Flauto Magico, 'Non Paventar.' This song has not often found a singer either sufficiently bold, or with gifts capable of carrying out the composer's intentions. It is a combination of various passions, each in their turn seeking their victim. Like Shakspeare's celebrated scene of Shylock with Tubal, in the Merchant of Venice, the air presents the finest scope for the display of a vast variety of passionate expression. The piety of the son—his soothing care of his parent—her own inconsolable woes—her daughter's loss, whom the tyrant has torn from her—her child's tears, struggles, entreaties, and cries—her supplication of heaven—her own powerlessness—then the sudden command 'Va retoria al rapitore,' to tear her from the tyrant—her belief in his power to restore her, and his reward if successful, all, all certify of such great, varied, and immense expression, which but few singers are sufficiently gifted for the attempt. Yet here was a being who seemed to meet difficulties only to conquer and trample on them. The whole song was one continued triumph of science and of art, and the finest embodiment of the highest dramatic expression. The audience had come gradually to appreciate its difficulties and its beauties, and again a rapturous encore followed, when, if it is possible, the last movement was more finely sung —Lind taking F in alt. with a power and truth which electrified the Hall. A page is turned, and again in still stronger contrast stand out her own Swedish Melodies. The almost instantaneous change in manner and in character was marvellous. It would seem as if no expression was beyond her reach.

"Our reference to Signor Belletti in the early part of our article will have led the reader to think that our appreciation of this vocalist's powers is above the common range, and that it is not overstrained the effect upon the audiences testified. A bass singer rarely meets with a just return for his talent from any audience. But it would be unjust to both, if we did not admit that Signor Belletti's fine tone and sound qualities as a musician were not duly appreciated. His voice is a bass, of good quality and compass, and fair power. His range is from G to F, and he has a perfect knowledge and the highest appreciation of the highest styles in his art. In his duets with the Lind, he exhibited considerable humor without coarseness, and his Aria from Maometto was dignified, and in a most finished and genuine style.

"Mademoiselle Lind took her departure from Norwich for London, by

the eleven o'clock train on Thursday last. She arrived at the railway station in the carriage of the Bishop of Norwich, shortly before eleven o'clock, and immediately took possession of a first-class carriage that had been especially engaged for her use. A large number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled at the station to witness her departure, with some of whom she conversed for a short time. At a few minutes past eleven the train started amidst the enthusiastic and prolonged cheering of the company present, and thus terminated a visit which will long be remembered by the inhabitants of this city with feelings of the deepest interest."

It is a source of gratification to us to announce that M. Benedict and Signor Beletti so favorably and justly mentioned in this account, are to accompany Mlle. LIND to America—the first as musical conductor of her concerts, and the other as vocalist. Of M. Jules Benedict's fame as one of the first of living composers, the American public is not unacquainted. The music of his grand opera of the "Crusaders" is familiar to all of us, as well it deserves to be. This opera was produced at the Drury Lane theatre in the spring of 1846, and at once stamped the composer as a man of vast and original genius. One of the best of the London critics says:—

"'The music of 'The Crusaders' is of the highest order; profound at once and symmetrical, it is like one of the Madonnas of Raphael, 'of the first order of fine forms.' Nothing so original, taken as a whole, has been produced in the musical world of England, perhaps, since the period of Handel; nothing more lofty in its construction, more artistic in its structure as a whole, or more satisfactory in its details, is known to modern musical science, with the exception of the 'Fidelio' of Beethoven. The pupil of Weber it was but reasonable to expect would do no discredit to his master; yet the public were scarcely prepared for such a work as this at the hands of the composer of the 'Gipsy's Warning;' and the critics could barely conjecture that he who wrought out the harmonies of the 'Brides of Venice,' was a man capable of completing a greater opera. The pupil of Weber, likewise, it might be predicated would, in whatever production he put forth, indicate the school in which he studied, by a reminiscence if not an imitation of his master; and great latitude would be allowed for any likeness that might arise, or any recurrence that might be made to the *fons et origo* from whence he drew his knowledge of art; but it is only a simple act of justice to Benedict to state, that while 'The Crusaders' clearly indicate the school of

which it is now one of the noblest emanations—the romantic in musical *parlance*, as contradistinguished from the classical—it betrays no plagiarism on the part of the composer; and would seem to imitate, where imitation is obvious, not from necessity, but from a motive of grateful recognition."

As to the terms upon which Mr. Barnum has succeeded in inducing JENNY LIND to visit the United States, the conditions and details of the contract, &c. &c, we suppose the public have already sufficiently informed themselves from the newspapers. Whatever they are, it must be morally certain that with the prices paid to all really great vocal talent in Europe, and the fierce competition going on between rival managers and capitals, the acknowledged greatest singer in the world, accompanied by one of the first of living composers, and an artist of no mean renown, has not been obtained for America, except at an enormous outlay—an outlay which we venture to say that no other man than Mr. Barnum could or would have thought of making. It is evident to us that in respect to the concerts of Mlle. LIND, all our present notions of prices must be swept away. In London, the lowest price of a ticket to hear Mlle. LIND was five dollars, and it frequently was as high as twenty-five. If we will be satisfied with nothing short of artists of great European reputation, we must pay European prices for them. We have not heard what may be Mr. Barnum's views on the matter; but we should imagine that anything less than five dollars a ticket is not to be thought of.

We might easily crowd our pages with the most interesting anecdotes and personal details, respecting the charming subject of our memoir; and the pigeon-holes of our desk and memory are actually crammed with these dainty materials. But our allotted space is already exhausted, and we are compelled to leave all that to the newspapers. Meanwhile it is the intention of the editor to prepare an original and authentic work upon the appearance and career of JENNY LIND in this country, containing everything of interest concerning this extraordinary artist and wonderful woman.

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